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DIVIDED.

BY WM. W. LONG.

The daylight died within the room,
The rosy firelight softly sent
Strange shadows o'er the parlor floor,
As I sat there in Love's content.

Sat there with quiet, dreamy air,
And watched the flickering light
Play soft upon her dusky hair,
And on her broad brow white.

And as I watched her tender face,
This woman of all women, fair to see,
From out the shadow stepped stern Fate
And stood between my love and me.

The Marked Stone.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

CORDELIA told me that I might see you—just to say 'Good-bye.'"

"Yes; just to say 'Good-bye,'" echoed Rosalie, holding out her hand with a faint little tremulous smile.

Dermot took it tenderly in his own; he was awed by the sight of the little fragile figure, almost lost in the pillows of the huge arm-chair, by the delicate transparent-looking face from which the blue eyes shone so big and bright.

A wild impulse which for a moment seized him to take her in his arms, to refuse to leave her for a whole year with only "Good-bye," to tell her something, anything of what he felt, passed, and he knew that he did not dare to do more than touch her fingers.

It was a relief now that he had been forbidden to thank her, for his eyes were misty, his voice unsteady.

"You are going to-day, are you not?" she asked gently.

"In an hour."

"And you say you will not be be back for a year?"

"No; not until next Christmas."

"It will seem a very long time to all of us."

"It'll make it short to me if you think so," he said huskily.

Her little fingers stirred in his, and slightly pressed them. There was the sweetest comfort, the gentlest check, in the act.

"It will be short to all of us if we look forward and work."

"I'm going to do that."

"Oh, yes—I am sure you are!" She hesitated a moment, then added, "Cordelia said you had something to ask me, I believe?"

"Yes," he said coloring, "so I have; it's about Gurth and Lady. I can't take them with me very well. Braithwaite says I shall find two such great brutes in the way—not in mine, but in other people's. And so I thought, perhaps—"

He understood, and she understood instantly.

"That I should like to take care of them for you until you come back? Indeed I should, dear old things! It is good of you to trust me with them."

"It is very good of you to be troubled with them."

"Oh, no—I shall like it! I will take great care of them." She glanced at his grave troubled face, and gave him a little smile, as sweet as fleeting. "They shan't forget their master, Dermot, you will see. We shall have plenty of talks about you, and think about you, and wonder how you are getting on, while we sit by the fire in the evening. And a year will soon go."

"And you'll be glad when it's gone, and I come back?" he asked, looking down at her wistfully.

"Very glad, all of us. And now, good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Dermot.

He still held her hand; but he was afraid to press it, it felt so frail and small. He sank down upon one knee beside her great chair, and put her hand softly to his warm lips.

He had not thought of it before; but now this seemed the only fitting way of bidding her farewell. He kissed the soft little hand twice, then gently let it go, and so left her.

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"Ten minutes! Oh, will they really be here in ten minutes?"

"I should think so, if the train at Knairesdale is punctual, and the roads are in decent condition."

"Ten minutes! I believe that foolish clock has stopped. No, it hasn't. Cordelia, how ever can you sit there and look so prim and cool over it?"

"Do you expect me to dance about like you—you excitable little thing?" asked Miss Musgrave, with an indulgent smile at the restless girl, who could not keep still for a moment.

"Perhaps not; but I know I couldn't sit there as you are doing, if I had two people coming home to me after being away for a whole year."

"I won't be so selfish, dear. Let us say that there is one each for us."

"I don't know what you mean!" Miss Redferne tossed her little head as she glanced at her companion. Cordelia was looking beautiful in her trailing black velvet dress, with an unusual color in her delicate cheeks, and Rosalie like a veritable little fairy, all in her filmy white, with a knot of scarlet holly-berries at her breast, with star-like blue eyes, and shining rippling golden curls. "I don't know what you mean," she said, with an exaggerated assumption of indifference. "Mr. Braithwaite isn't in love with me."

"No, my dear," returned Cordelia calmly; "I don't think he is. Come and sit down if you can't contrive to keep still. You make the time seem twice as long, wandering about so."

Rosalie yielded to the hand which took hers, and sank down in her childish fashion, half sitting on the rug at Cordelia's knees. For a few moments she stared into the red blaze thoughtfully, then said—

"Cordelia, will he be much altered, do you think?"

"I think not, dear. Why should he be? He has not altered since I knew him first, five years ago."

"I—I mean Dermot," Miss Redferne muttered, with crimson cheeks.

"Oh!" exclaimed Cordelia, smiling. "Well, we shall see. He will be altered in some ways, no doubt, if not in others; at least, I hope so."

"I don't see why you should say you hope so," the girl murmured which too softly to be heard; then she added aloud, "Cordelia, will he stay here—Dermot you know?"

"Oh, no, dear! Not altogether—not as he used to. I don't suppose he could rest here now. He would not be content with his old aimless life, I am certain. Besides he is to be Ross's partner soon, you know."

After another brief silence, Rosalie, in a soft little voice that was almost a whisper, spoke again.

"Cordelia, you will be married very soon—won't you?"

"Yes," returned Cordelia simply—"very soon."

"And will you live always at White Towers?"

"Part of the time, dear, just as Dermot will. Ross has promised me that. We must not desert poor Dunston altogether, you know—must we?—although he seems so happy and contented over his books, with that wonderful new secretary of his."

"Oh, no—oh, no!" cried the girl, springing to her feet and putting her arms round Cordelia's neck in a rapid impulsive embrace. Then she ran into the great hall of the central tower, calling to Gurth and Lady, who came eagerly bounding to meet her.

Suddenly there was a sound of wheels in the court-yard outside, of horses' hoofs ringing sharply upon the time-worn stones and of voices. Old Dan threw open the huge double doors, and Cordelia went hurrying out.

Rosalie had a vague knowledge of the two figures entering the hall; of Sir Dunston appearing; of a confused noise of welcome and greeting; of Ross Braithwaite and that staid "proper" Cordelia kissing one another in a perfectly matter-of-course and business-like way, to the manifest admiration of old Margery; of Gurth and Lady frisking ecstatically round somebody else at whom she did not dare to look; and finally of finding both her hands taken in a clasp so tight and close that getting them away again uninjured seemed a hopeless impossibility, while she looked up at some one who was at once Dermot exactly as he used to be, and Dermot wonderfully altered. Like the old Dermot in blushing in that boyish way as he squeezed her fingers is so evidently wanting to say a good deal and not knowing in the least how to say it; and wonderfully unlike him in—she hardly know what.

The difference which a year had made in him was too subtle to be defined—plain as it was, it could only be felt. There was something wonderfully unreal about this home-coming and his presence there beside her. Nothing seemed real but his eyes, and that close clasp of his fingers round hers. It was quite a mercy, she thought, that Mr. Braithwaite came up to greet her just then, or she would certainly never have got her hands away. And, after not having seen each other for a year, they could not find a solitary word to say.

* * * * * *

"Rosalie, will you go and speak to Dunston? He has something to say to you."

"Sir Dunston! What is it?"

"He did not tell me, dear."

"Is Mr. Brent with him?"

"I think not."

"Well, I go, of course. There isn't anything wrong, is there?"

"Not that I know of," said Cordelia with another smile. "I dare say you won't be kept long. You can take your walk afterwards; but I wouldn't keep him writing."

"Oh, no—of course not!" said Rosalie, carelessly placing the little fur cap on top of her curls. Then she turned and ran briskly down the turret stairs.

She tapped lightly at Sir Dunston's study door, heard a murmured "Come in," and entered.

Gurth was sprawled out at full length on the rug before the fire, snoring peacefully with his head upon his paws, Lady slumbered in an elegant attitude at a little distance off, but the person standing by the writing-table, turning over some crisp sheets of yellowish parchment, and surveying them with an expression of mingled contempt and amusement, was certainly not Sir Dunston.

Rosalie would have run away—she was quite certain that she wanted to run away—but Dermot stopped her in the coolest manner. And now she became aware not only that he was not afraid of her, but she was afraid of him. She only managed to stammer—

"I thought Sir Dunston was here!"

"No; he has just gone away—I sent him."

"But he wants to speak to me."

"Does he? Very likely. So do I." He had put down the parchment—she knew what it was, without a second glance—and stood looking down at her with an air of the most complete satisfaction. She felt a thoroughly helpless little creature.

"I—I can't wait," she said, stammering. "I am going out."

"All right, you shall go presently. I'll take you." He unfastened her cloak and put it upon the table, touching her hair lightly as he removed her hat. She offered no resistance as he put her into Sir Dunston's big chair, and, standing before her, inquired coolly—

"Why wouldn't you speak to me last night?"

"I did."

"Six words—I counted them. Don't you think that was pretty, after being away a year? You never even said you were glad to see me back."

"Didn't I?"

"You know you didn't! Were you?"

"Of course, Cordelia has been looking forward to it so."

"Bother Cordelia! If you were glad you had a precious queer way of showing it. Why, Gurth and Lady here welcomed me better than you did."

"Did you expect me to dance about and bark, pray?"

"I was stupid enough to expect you to show that you weren't sorry I was back again."

"By barking?" She could hardly keep her throbbing heart still enough to speak her saucy answers, for he was leaning over her chair now, and she would rather have cried, and endured what she felt would be the inevitable consequences.

"I do believe," he said, "that you're the most provoking little torment in this wide world."

"Because I didn't? I'm very sorry. It's a pity I never learnt. What did you want me to do?"

"Shall I show you? I very nearly did last night."

This was threatening. Rosalie detected a distinct element of danger. She leaned back in her chair, and was suddenly frigid.

"No, thank you. Is that all you wanted to say to me?"

"Of course not. But there is something I want to read to you first."

"Oh, no, don't—I don't like it!" She shrank back, for he had taken up the yellowish parchment. "Besides, I have read it."

"Not all of it?"

"Yes, all."

"Not quite, I think." He bent down over her chair, holding the open scroll before her eyes, pointing to the bottom of the page. "You read down to there, didn't you?"

"Yes; there is no more of it."

"Oh, dear, yes—three more verses!"

"Let me read them."

"No; I'm going to read them to you. We won't have any mistakes this time." He stood beside her as she rose, glanced at the parchment, and then at her with a laugh. "The agony is rather piled on in this first verse, you know, but that's nothing. Now listen; this is what you didn't read, and it's just about as true as the rest rather more so, in fact. You remember what the last verse that you read is about, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the next one, and, as I said, they've certainly piled on the agony. But

that's an improvement, perhaps. All depends upon how you look at it. Now for it!"

He glanced at her mirthfully and triumphantly, and commenced to read from the parchment, bending down close to see the crabbed uncertain characters in the light of the fire.

"From the dreary Scaw Fell's height,
In the snow-fall soft and white,
Turning pale the winter night,
Shall he, braving drift and wreath,
Facing peril, daring death,
Following close a sobbing cry
Rising weak and wearily,
Find at last the fainting maid
In the drifting snow-grave laid.
White and wan her face so fair,
Dank and drenched her golden hair.
Through the valley, down the dale,
Treading swift the icebound vale,
Shall he bear her cold and pale.
This shall do and this shall dare,
For her beauty, Musgrave's heir.
To the fated White Towers three,
Thus shall come this Rosalie."

Dermot stopped at this point, looking quizzically at the pretty drooping blond head.

But Rosalie would not let him see her eyes. She kept them fixed perseveringly upon old Gurth's shaggy back.

She knew exactly how he looked, though, when he moved a little nearer to her, and went on to the next verse:

"For him shall she dare the gale,
For him brave the rocky vale,
For him cross the dale;
For him climb the treacherous height
Of the Scaw Fell frowning white.
There for her his blood be shed,
There for her his breast be red,
Free from off the White Towers three
Lifts the weird of Rosalie."

Dermot stopped again. His eyes twinkled as they met a rapid half-incredulous glance upwards from hers.

"It's all here, I assure you," he said gravely. "You shall read it yourself in a moment, if you like. And I didn't write it, I couldn't write in this queer spindle-shanked style to save my life. But will you have the last verse?"

Rosalie nodded. If she had spoken she would have laughed—or cried, perhaps; she did not know which. He presently went on—

"Then beneath the portal wide
Shall they enter side by side,
Happy bridegroom, happy bride!
Then within the White Towers' bound
Joy and love again be found.
Then for her, and her alone,
Pale the bloody threshold stone,
And forever silent be
The lament of Rosalie!"

The stiff scroll rustled as Dermot put it upon the table.

He was looking at her, but she would not look at him. She wished wildly that Sir Dunston would come, and yet she knew at the same time that she would not for anything have had things other than they were.

"Well?" said Dermot presently, and she echoed feebly—

"Well?"

"I hope you perceive clearly now, Miss Redferne, that it is your duty to marry me?"

She took refuge in instant defiance.

"I don't believe it's there!"

"You don't? Look then!"

He took the parchment and, opening it again, held it down on a level with her eyes, standing a little behind her. That his other arm gradually crept round her waist Rosalie knew perfectly well, but she feigned innocence, and, with her head bent down over the yellow scroll and its indistinct crabbed lettering, read the lines with a great assumption of unconsciousness.

They were as he had read them, beyond a doubt, and she became aware that her present position was rather an awkward one.

And it was not rendered less so by a perceptible tightening of his arm or by his tone and expression, as he looked down at her and asked coolly—

"Well? What do you make out of that anyway?"

"I believe you wrote it yourself."

"Oh, yes! Poetry is in my line, isn't it—always was?"

"Well, I don't care!" She tossed her head as effectively as the situation permitted, and would have tried to set herself free, but for an inward conviction of the complete hopelessness of any such attempt. "I can't help it if it is there. It is all nonsense—absurd! I'm sure you have said so often enough. I haven't anything to do with it."

"Haven't you? You carried out your part of it pretty well, too, it seems to me."

"I didn't!" She turned her head to look up at him. "What do you mean? It wasn't my fault that I came here—you brought me—you know you did. I hadn't anything to do with it."

"Well, perhaps not," Dermot allowed reflectively. "But then you had something to do with something else, hadn't you? It wasn't quite by accident that you rushed out into the snow that night and climbed Scaw Fell in the very teeth of a storm enough to whirl you away like a bit of thistledown, was it? What did you do that for?"

"Ah, what!"

Rosalie vanquished instantly, looked up with glistening blue eyes, and the scroll, released from both their hands at once, went tumbling and rustling down upon old Gurth's head.

Sir Dunston opened the door presently, but paused when he saw the rippling golden and curly dark hair so close together, the tanned and fair cheeks almost touching, and withdrew with a smile that was lost in a sigh, for he remembered.

They had forgotten all but the present, and they said very little, hardly anything at all, although each felt that every word, every glance and kiss, should have been spoken and given a year before. It did not matter, holding to-day so securely, they could let yesterday go and smile.

They came back to common sense quite as was to be expected in the circumstances, and Rosalie looked down at the scroll at her feet, over which Gurth had stretched one great protecting paw, with an odd little smile and a blush.

She was still shy of Dermot in his new character, getting decidedly the best of the argument, and no longer content to be snubbed and coaxed and scolded in turn.

She approved of the change, and she acknowledged that it was quite right and proper, she quite enjoyed her own humility, but certainly it was not easy to talk to him as she had been used to talk; she reflected, too, that she had yielded with a rather ignominous rapidity, not fully realizing that her subjugation was fully a year old. Decidedly she had meant to fence and parry for a considerable time longer, and no doubt would have done so but for the unlooked-for interposition of "this ridiculous thing!"

As thus mentally designating the parchment, once so completely awe inspiring in its effects, she looked down at it, smiling and blushing.

"Dermot," she said softly, "do you think ——"

Then she stopped.

"Do I think what?"

"That he—Durward—knew. Knew all there was of it, I mean?"

"I should think so, poor fellow. "Oh, yes, you may depend upon it he did! He knew the old witchcraft rigmarole by heart, I expect."

"And he believed it?"

"Of course—you might know that! Oh, yes, he believed it," said Dermot decidedly "no doubt of that!"

"Does Cordelia know of it all?"

"I don't know. Most likely, I should think."

"And you didn't until now?"

"Not I. I'd really only a general idea of what was in it until Dunston gave it to me about half an hour ago, for I never read it or wanted to. I'd only seen it once, and that was the night poor Madeline died, when I found poor old Dunston reading it and muttering over it. He said he had been mad to bring her here, and mad to dream that she could escape the curse, or something of that sort. He believed it too, you know, and does now partly, I expect. But I never did somehow, although I heard it about as far back as I can remember; and I believe old Margery used to sing me to sleep to the tune of those dismal old verses. Queer, but so it was. I was an exception to the rule of hereditary influences, or whatever they call them, I suppose. But it's all rubbish, you know," said Dermot conclusively, speaking so like the old Dermot that a gleam of mischief lighted up Rosalie's eyes, and she looked at him archly.

"What, all of it?" she queried.

"Of course! What else do you call it?" He stopped suddenly and laughed. "Well, not quite, of course. We'll stick to the last part, you know, and let the rest of it slide. I don't mind believing that, do you? It's all that's got any sense in it."

"I dare say!" But, though she laughed, her face was soon grave again as she stopped to pick up the scroll, turning it thoughtfully over in her hands. "Dermot," she said, "it must have been because Durward knew of it all that he wouldn't let me finish reading it."

"Wouldn't he?"

Dermot's hand was caressing her curling hair and the soft cheek whose fellow so coyly touched his breast; he was thinking more of her than of the conversation.

"No; he came in here that night Sir Dunston gave it me to read, and snatched it away from me just as I was going to turn the page, and told me that there was no more of it. He couldn't have wanted to see, because—because——"

"Not because you cared sixpence about me then, Rosy?"

"Didn't I?"

"Not likely, seeing what a sulky brute I was to you half the time. In fact," went on Dermot, in a sudden fit of humiliation and gloom, "I don't see why you should care a straw about me now. I'm not half good enough for you, my darling; you needn't think I don't know that quite as well as ever you could tell me."

"I don't feel in the least degree disposed to tell you anything of the kind," observed Miss Redferne airingly.

"That's because you're a dear little thing, and don't like to hurt me," he returned, with moody pertinacity. "You know it well enough. But look here, Rosalie, I'm not quite such a stupid ignoramus as I was—I'm not, upon my word—you'll see. You don't know how I've worked and studied and stuck to it generally in the last year—I have, upon my word. Ask Braithwaite—he'll tell you. And I mean to work harder than ever—particularly now"—tightening his arm about her: "and, unless I'm a bigger fool than I take myself for, you shan't be ashamed of me, dear."

"Who said I was ashamed of you?" cried Rosalie indignantly. "I'm not, and I never will be, and I won't have you say so or think so. I won't have you say or think so. I won't have my own particular property disparaged by anybody." Here she stood on tip-toe to administer a certain consolation to her tall penitent which was sweet enough to have comforted any one. "It is all my fault your getting such a stupid notion into your head," she added with severe self-reproach. "You wouldn't think as you do if I hadn't plagued you so, poor boy. If you were cross, I was fifty times worse; and I used to say horrid things to you like a spiteful little wretch."

"They were true enough, most of them," returned Dermot with an air of rueful conviction.

"No, they weren't! They were nasty, horrid, stinging, vicious, vitrolly things!" cried the girl. "Ah, you ought to forgive me, Dermot, dear—although I don't deserve it—if only because I was so sorry afterwards! You don't know how I used to go away and cry by myself, and feel so dreadfully miserable because I wanted so to make up with you and couldn't."

Dermot would have been flinty-hearted indeed if he could have resisted the half-comical, half-pathetic pretty face which she raised appealingly to his. He did not attempt to do so, but stooped and returned her own particular method of consolation, with generous additions.

"You do think I'm a little bit better, though, don't you, Rosy?" he asked almost wistfully? It was odd to hear this young giant pleading so humbly and bashfully. "You really do believe me, dear?"

"Well, I think you are, a little bit," she allowed circumspectly.

"And you like me better than you use to, don't you?"

"Ye-es—when you behave yourself?"—with a saucy upward glance.

"That's a specimen of the precious things I used to have the imprudence to say to you," Dermot grumbled self-contemptuously. "And then you say you're not ashamed of me."

"It's your business to be ashamed of that, isn't it?"

"Of course it is, and so I am. But I don't talk like that now, you know."

"Never?"

"Never."

"And you won't call me any more pretty names—a witch and a minx, and all that kind of thing?"

"Now, is it likely? What do you take me for?"

"For just what you are, for I believe you will be every bit as savage as you ever were the first time I make you cross."

"You couldn't make me cross, he assented confidently.

"Pooh! I could put you in a shocking rage in two minutes if I liked." She laughed and then grew grave again. "Oh, Dermot, I never knew before how long a year could be!"

"Rubbish!" He blushed in the old boyish way, as he used to when her eyes had first been to him the most wonderful eyes in the world. "You didn't want me."

"Ah, didn't I? You don't know. I wanted you ever so much more than Cordelia wanted Mr. Braithwaite. I felt I could shake her sometimes when I saw how cool she was about it—so dreadfully quiet and patient and sensible! I used to go for all the walks where we used to go together about the park, and down by the lake and in the pine-wood, and try to fancy that we were talking and quarrelling and making up again all the way, just as we used to do." She stopped with a laugh as her eyes met his, and blushed over this pretty artless confession. "And then in the evenings old Gurth and Lady and I used to sit down on the rug by the fire in the great hall, and make pictures in it, and talk about you. Didn't we, Gurth, dear old boy?"

She had lithely slipped out of Dermot's embrace, and put this question to Gurth as she knelt on the rug beside him, and, having roused him by sharply tweaking his ear, rubbed his hair the wrong way. Gurth disgusted at this indignity, rose and stalked majestically to the door.

"He wants to go out," said Rosalie. "Poor old fellow, he hasn't been for a run to-day! Shall we take him? Cordelia won't want us."

"Not she! She's spooning with Braithwaite, and is fixed fast enough until dinner-time, I expect," Dermot returned, with a blissful unconsciousness of any inconsistency.

Rosalie's hat and cloak were lying on the table where she had put them down, and he helped her to put them on with fingers only a little less clumsy than they had been a year since. Then they went out of the darkening old room together, and left the legend lying on the floor, utterly forgotten.

It was a delightful walk that they took through the damp, neglected weedy park, and round by the lake where the bulrushes grew, with Gurth and Lady trotting discreetly in the rear.

It was almost dark when they turned into the court-yard, and the moon was rising over Musgrave's Pike! From a window in the eastern tower a faint gleam of lamplight shone, and Cordelia and her lover were standing there side by side, watching the two. A brighter light would have shown Miss Musgrave's fair face looking very beautiful with a new sweet happiness and serenity. The pair outside stopped, as they had been walking, hand in hand.

"Dermot," said Rosalie outside the window, with a tighter clutch at his fingers, as she looked at the deeply-sunken arched door of the central tower, "the stain is there."

"Why, of course it is!" returned Dermot practically.

"And just as crimson as ever—as much like blood."

"I suppose it is. Don't look at it darling; it's nothing but a mark on the stone, you know—that and the moonlight together. I mean to get Dunston to have a new stone laid down, if you don't like it. We've had about enough witchcraft business to last us a lifetime, it strikes me, without any more. I'll have that stupid thing got rid of."

"But that won't be 'paling for me'"—Rosalie shook her head doubtfully—"as it says you know."

"Why, yes, it will," he responded argumentatively. "It will only be to please you and because of you, you stupid little goose, won't it? It might stop there till Doomsday for all I care. It will go through you, and that's near enough to fit in any old legend, I should think—near enough for that one, anyhow."

"They have settled it all," said Cordelia, inside the window, looking up at the face beside her. "Oh, Rose, I am so happy to think it! Our probation is over at last—the legend is fulfilled, and all is as it should be. They will be happy, dear little Rosalie and my boy."

"They are looking at the mark on the stone," said Rose Braithwaite quietly.

"Ah, yes, but for the last time! They will not look at it again, or think of it—why should they? It means nothing now. They will not remember that it is there."

"Dermot," whispered Rosalie, outside the window, "that cry we use to hear—you remember it—that awful shrieking wailing moan—we have heard it only three times since you have been away, and each time fainter and weaker. Last night it came and died away like the softest whisper on the wind. Shall we hear it again, I wonder—ever?"

"Never; we won't listen for it," said Dermot sturdily.

"But if it comes?"

"We'll say it is—the wind. That's all about it. I should like to get hold of the fool, whoever he was, who first said it was anything else."

"It did not sound like the wind," said Rosalie, with a dubious shake of her head. "Oh, Dermot, you know it didn't! It was like a terrible wailing human voice, just as the legend said."

"Yes; and your ghost was just like a ghost, wasn't it?" he retorted, rallying her.

"Well, I know I was very stupid; but how could I know what it really was? And you know the horrible man had made Cordelia faint too. Dermot, do you know, I don't think she believes in it—the legend, I mean—as much as she used to do!"

"Why, of course not," he returned promptly. "How should she? There isn't so much to believe in, for one thing; the ghost came to nothing, and the screech-owl business come to nothing. In fact"—with a warm, fond pressure of her fingers—"I don't see there's a particle of it left but you."

"There is this."

She glanced down at the blood stained stone at her feet.

"Well, we'll have that taken away," he said consolingly.

"Dermot, I wonder who wrote the legend first?"

"Goodness knows! Nobody ever did know so far as I can make out. It was written no one knows where, no one knows when, and by no one knows whom. And that's a fine argument for its being true, I should think."

"You won't believe it a bit," she said pensively, for she clung to a weak little shred of belief still. "And yet some of it came true, Dermot, you know it did. What about the part you read to me just now—that was true, wasn't it?"

"My precious little darling, of course it was! Do you think that I don't believe that—or that I forget that you might have been killed through trying to save me? You must have cared a little bit about me then, Rosy, although I was such a stupid sulky idiot."

"Yes." She heaved a deep sigh, forgetting for a moment to protest against these vigorous epithets. "I couldn't help it, Dermot; I didn't mean to get fond of you—I knew it was Durward, poor fellow, that I ought to be fond of. I should never have married him—never—I couldn't—if he had left me read the last of the legend. I didn't know that I was making it come true when I rushed out that night. I couldn't remember or think of anything in all the world but you." She glanced up, meeting his dark eyes with a loving, half deprecating look. "Ah, you must believe in that part, Dermot, dear!"

"I'll believe in that, and I'll believe in you."

He knew nothing of the turret-window, and two half-amused, sympathetic watchers behind it, and took her in his arms and kissed the sweet quivering red lips as he spoke. Their shadows fell upon the marked stone, and blotted out its crimson stain.

"What are they waiting for?" wondered Cordelia. "Are they waiting for that dreadful cry that they stay just there?"

She bent forward and looked out again. They were not.

They were neither listening for a wail above their heads nor regardful of the stained pavement at their feet; they were looking at each other in the light of the glorious moon which streamed in a radiant flood of transfiguring brightness over the White Towers.

[THE END.]

THE POCKET.—The pocket was previously a girdle and first of all a purse or pouch. The ancient Hebrews carried a pouch and the Roman matrons carried a handbag, which originated the modern reticule.

They were at first made of netting, but later of leather. The Romans came nearer to having a pocket than any people until modern times.

A portion of the toga was bound in a knot under the left breast and a protuberance was there formed divided into many folds, which was named sinus, and answered the same purpose as a pocket.

The Roman matrons concealed valuables about their persons in the upper part of a kind of corset, fitting the waist tightly, yet loose at top.

Charlemagne carried a traveling pouch, which was suspended from his person. The Saxons had purses, and the Normans when they came to England, carried the aulmoniere, a little purse for carrying alms for the poor, which was suspended from the girdle.

The fashion of carrying the purse in that way, but not for that purpose, has revived in recent years. The general thing was a purse of triangular form frequently ornamented with beads or trimming and suspended from the girdle.

Bankrupts figuratively gave up their effects to their creditors by putting off the girdle to which the purse and keys of their estate were attached. So long as girdles were worn there was little need of a pocket, for custom and convenience made it a habit to thrust anything within the encircling band.

A Little Jealous.

BY H. M.

"TEN O'CLOCK—he will not come to-night!"

Bertha Weaver leaned her head back against the cushions of the sofa. Her lips quivered, her eyes were humid, for Lancelot Wynne, who had paid her the most devoted attention, had failed to keep his appointment.

She rose presently, and pushing aside the heavy curtains, looked sadly out, through gathering tears, into the rainy darkness of the winter's night.

Just opposite a gas-lamp threw a long path of flickering brightness upon the pavement, casting dark shadows into the gloomy archway beyond, wich led into a covered court communicating with a ruinous pile of buildings.

It was not a cheerful outlook, and Bertha's heart sank within her.

She was a pretty, sunny-tempered girl—one of those fair, confiding creatures, who seem to be born to be loved and petted.

Suddenly, as she stood looking out into the stormy night, an exclamation escaped her lips.

"Can it be possible?" she murmured, bending forward eagerly. "Yes, it is Lancelot!"

The keen glance of love is seldom deceived. It was Lancelot Wynne who stood beneath the ruined archway, talking with passionate earnestness to a woman on whose face the full brilliance of the lamplight streamed.

It was a wondrously lovely face—a face delicate as an artist's dream of ideal beauty.

The woman clung with both hands to Lancelot's arm, and seemed literally to hang upon the words he spoke—and the look of confiding earnestness which her features bore seemed to turn the blood in Bertha's veins to ice.

Involuntarily she shrank back from the window, covering her eyes with her hands as if to shut out all sense of vision from those aching orbs.

"False! Lancelot Wynne false!" she whispered. "I could sooner have believed that an archangel would sully his pure wings. Oh, this dull pain at my heart! When will it cease?"

Once more, with irresolute, trembling fingers, she drew back the curtain; but her eyes fell only on plashing rain and muddy roadway. Lancelot and his beautiful companion had disappeared.

"Oh!" she thought, why should fate have grudged me the little gleam of sunshine which gladdened my whole life? Heaven knows it has been dark enough! My father and mother died before I knew them. I had no sister; and it was two years ago since my brother Jack was forced to fly from his native land. Uncle Joseph is very kind to me; but—but he does not supply the place of my dear parents; and just when I was beginning to love Lancelot so very—very dearly——"

She broke down in a storm of hysteric sobs and tears.

* * * * * *

She was seated at the piano on the day following, when the servant announced:

"Mr. Wynne."

"My darling little Bertha!" he exclaimed, taking her cold hand fondly in his, and seating himself beside her.

She withdrew her hand quietly, as she said:

"You did not come last night, Lancelot, as you promised."

"No."

Was it her fancy, or did he seem strangely disturbed by her words?

"I had an unavoidable engagement," he added, "which occupied the whole evening."

"It must have been very important!" she said bitterly.

He met her searching gaze with bright, frank eyes—eyes whose truthful light dispelled every mist of doubt.

"Bertha, my love! my own dearest, cannot you trust me?" he asked tenderly.

And she did what woman has done ever since the days of mother Eve—she forgot and forgave and trusted without question or misgiving. For was she not alone in the world, and was not Lancelot Wynne very—very dear to her?

"Then you will be ready to go with me to the opera to-night, Bertha," he said, as he rose to depart. "I will be here punctually at half-past eight."

Bertha was ready at the appointed time, looking more lovely than ever in her evening dress.

But Lancelot came not.

"Not off yet?" said her uncle, as he passed through the room. "You'll be late, pussy; it is nearly nine o'clock!"

"Nearly nine—can it be possible!" ejaculated Bertha, eagerly, consulting the dial of her little jeweled watch. It was Lancelot's own present.

The fairy hands pointed inexorably to five minutes to nine.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed by, and Bertha rose up indignantly, and began to draw off her gloves.

"I will not go out with him to-night!" she exclaimed, mentally. "It is too bad of him to disappoint me twice in this way!"

Some instinct, or some feeling, which she could not define or resist, led her to the window. She glanced out, and as she did so, caught sight of a man hurrying through the gloomy archway opposite with a slight girlish figure at his side.

It was Lancelot Wynne.

Fired with hot indignation, Bertha Weaver sat down to her desk and wrote a brief, haughty note of final dismissal to her lover.

From that moment she saw him no more!

* * * * * *

A year passed by, and Bertha Weaver was sitting, pale and abstracted, on the Esplanade at Eastbourne, when a low, earnest voice accosted her.

"Bertha!"

She started as if a voice from the tomb had struck upon her ear. Lancelot Wynne was standing at her side, very white, with compressed lips, and stern, reproachful eyes.

"Do not rise, Bertha—do not strive to avoid me," he said, gravely. "I insist upon having an explanation—I consider it due to me. Why have you thus discarded me without giving reason or excuse? Why have you returned my letters unopened? Why do you shun me so persistently? Bertha, I demand a reason!"

"Reason!" she repeated, bitterly. "Well, since you insist that I shall express in words what you own conscience must long since told you, I simply ask you whether your fair friend of the archway still preserves her high place in your regard?"

Her lip curled haughtily, and a scornful look shone in her brown eyes.

"Of the archway?" he exclaimed, growing paler as he listened. "Bertha—Bertha Weaver—is it possible that you saw me enter that place? I had hoped, I had believed, that no mortal eye was upon me then."

"I suppose so," she rejoined, coldly. "It is unfortunate that I should chance to be the one who was a witness of your guilty secret."

"My secret, Bertha!" he exclaimed, passionately. "I had intended never to have breathed this to a living soul, but your scorn wrings it from me. It was your secret—or rather your brother's."

Bertha listened, apparently deprived of the power of speech, while the blood grew chill around her heart.

"You did know, Bertha, and I could not tell you, that Richard, sick with the longing to visit his native land once more, had rashly ventured here with his young wife. He was recognised in the street by one who had vowed never to give up pursuing him until he was lodged in prison. In this emergency your brother came to me. I contrived to secrete them both for a day or two in the old ruined building behind the archway. On the evening when we were to go to the opera, I received a telegram that the ship on which I had engaged passage for them under a feigned name, was to sail a day earlier than we expected. Richard dared not leave his hiding-place, and Felice, under my escort, made all the hurried preparations. I went with them and saw them off—with what a thankful heart I need not say. Afterwards, when I returned to tell you what before I had not dared to breathe, I learned that you had left town, and then received your cruel note. Bertha, was this kind—was it just?"

She bowed her head penitently.

"Oh, forgive me, Lancelot! I never even dreamed of this. I fancied—I believed ——"

"In short, Bertha," he smiled, "you were a little jealous. Are we friends once more?"

Her happy tears answered him.

Just one month afterwards they were married, and Bertha has never distrusted her husband since.

Bric-a-Brac.

TAR AND FEATHERS.—The application of a coat of tar and feathers to offending persons is said to have been first resorted to by Richard Cœur de Lion. A statute was made in 1189, which enacted that any robber found voyaging with the Crusaders "shall be first shaved, and then boiling tar poured upon his head, and then a cushion of feathers shook over it." The culprit was then to be put ashore at the first place the ship came to.

EXTRAORDINARY HAIR.—In Brazil there is a tribe called the Cafusos, which has sprung into existence by marriage between the long, stiff-haired natives and the imported negro slaves. As might naturally be expected from the admixture of one of these extremes, this people possess hair of a very extraordinary kind. It rises perpendicularly from the head in thick, curly masses, and forms a wig of such enormous dimensions that the possessors must stoop low when entering their huts.

OIL ON WATER.—A naval officer suggests that the ancients, who knew the value of oiling troubled waters, learned this method from observing the sea birds. All fish-eating birds, Cape pigeons, petrels and the like, eject oil from the mouth when captured. In the South Atlantic and South Pacific the writer had witnessed sea birds floating in spaces of comparative quiet water when the sea around was rough. The unusual smoothness of the water was evidently due to considerable quantities of oil deposited by the birds.

THE ROSE.—There is a legend that the pretty Marshal Niel rose owes its origin to the celebrated general of that name. After his successful campaigning in Italy, while returning to France, he was given a basket of roses by a peasant. In it was a bud with a root attached to the stem. The general kept the shoot and gave it to a celebrated floriculturist, who got from it four of the loveliest lemon-tinted roses that had ever been grown. Niel took them to the Empress Eugenie, who remarked, "I will christen this rose for you the Marshal Niel;" and from that time General Niel became a marshal of France. This story is very pretty, but will not recommend itself to a gardener.

ANTIQUITY OF SAUSAGES.—Sausages were mentioned as early as 1580, and described in a dictionary of that day as "pudding called a sawsege stuffed into skins, and sometimes only rolled in flour." But these savory edibles were made long before 1580 and were called "weasels," whose long thin bodies they resembled. A receipt for making these "weasels," is given in a very curious book published about 1450: "First grind pork, temper it with eggs and powder of pepper and canel; close it in a capon's neck, or a pig's paunch (or gut), roast it well and then garnish it with a batter of eggs and flour, to serve in hall or else in bower."

DREAMS.—For mark you, men will dream. The most that can be asked of them is but that the dream be not in too glaring discord with the thing they know. All dies, all dies! The roses are red with the wealth that once reddened the cheek of the child; the flowers bloom the fairest on last year's battle ground; the work of death's finger, cunningly wreathed over, is the heart of all things, even the living. Death's finger is everywhere. The rocks are built up of a life that was. Bodies, thoughts and loves die; from whence springs that whisper to the tiny soul of man, "You shall not die?" Ah, is there no truth of which this dream is shadow?

THE TERM FREEMASON.—It is said the members of the building fraternities were called free masons, not because they were freemen, but because they were free masons; that is to say, that being masons, and having granted to them as such, the king's peace, or freedom of his kingdom, they were free, as masons, to work anywhere there; but they were not altogether free, apart from that character, for as men, they were not free to intermeddle with politics or other affairs of the country, but as members of the building fraternities, their presence is needful in the country for the purpose of carrying on the buildings; and in order to encourage and protect them, the masonic fraternities received by charter, or otherwise, the protection of the "king's peace," which entitled them to be held free-as-masons from all molestation, and, being employed on the magnificent buildings, then erecting for the church, they therefore received the protection of the church also. Hence, having the freedom of their masonic capacity, and the protection of both church and king, they were doubly free, no noble, nor any daring to insult, attack, or enslave them, because they were "the freemasons."

TO MY DIARY.

BY MARY P. SCHUYLER.

Kind friend to whom in my sad hours
I breathe my every sigh,
The bitter thoughts I fain would hide
When other forms are nigh.

In thee I write my hopes and fears—
My joys, though few they be,
Number my many falling tears
And trust them all with thee.

No heart as warm—no friend so true
As thou hast been to me,
For token of my gratitude
These lines I trace to thee.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

IRIS stood looking down at him with knitted brow and tightened lips.

The man had come for some evil purpose.

What was it? She must know at once, and get rid of him. Not even Paul must know the story of her life, and this man's connection with it.

"Will you tell me what you want?—why you have pursued me?" she said sternly, as if with an effort.

The signor glanced round the room, and his eyes rested hungrily upon the table.

"Have I the mortification of disturbing you at your meal?" he said with self-reproach. "No? You have finished; but for that you would ask me to join you! You would be happier to see me at your hospitable table; is it not so? My child, I hasten to gratify your desire! Why should an old friend stand upon ceremony? Saints and angels, no! If I had but a crust you should share it, and do I not know your heart to be as good as mine? Soh!" and, drawing up his chair, he seized a knife and fork, and helped himself to a cutlet.

It was evident that the martyr had endured short commons amongst his other trials, for he ate quickly and voraciously, every now and then glancing round the room, and murmuring his appreciation of its comfort and luxury.

"Charming room! Comfortable, elegant! A fitting casket for so rare a gem. And you live here alone, my child, with the little cripple? Soh! It is well. You would ask me what I will drink? A glass of wine—a simple glass of wine, nothing more!" and he reached over the table and seized the claret jug, filling a tumbler, and tossing it off with a smile and a bow. "I drink to the diva, to the famous prima donna, to the goddess of song, my old friend's daughter!"

Iris, white to the lips, watched him, feeling like one under some horrid spell, as he filled tumbler after tumbler.

Presently Paul opened the door and looked in.

"I came to tell you the time, Mabel, we shall be late!" he said timidly.

"Ah!" exclaimed the signor, "is it my little fiddler? What do you call him?—Peter, John? No, Paul! Ah, Paul, my good enfant; come in, come in! Don't stand on ceremony; come and witness the reunion of two tried and trusty friends! Paul, my child, I drink to you!"

"Go, Paul; I will come directly," said Iris hoarsely, and the boy stole away with a frightened look in his blue eyes.

Iris glanced at the clock. She must start in five minutes, and the man had thrown himself back in his chair as if he meant to remain.

The Knighton spirit began to rise and burn in her bosom; a light flashed into her eyes, and her cheeks flushed.

"My patience is exhausted," she said in a low, resolute voice. "Whatever your object may have been in persecuting me, it has failed. Go!" and she pointed to the door.

The signor looked up at her and laughed, a mocking laugh of evil confidence.

"Pardon, my child!" he said. "My object may have been a dinner, and—you see—I have eaten! But you wish me to speak plainly, is it not so? Well, then I will do so. I forgive you for speaking thus to a friend who means you well,—saints and angels, yes! I, Baptiste, mean nothing but well to the daughter of Godfrey Knighton!"

"Leave my father's name alone!" exclaimed Iris, her hands tightly clenching.

He bowed and smiled mockingly.

"Surely yes; it must be painful to you! I will remember. Now, my child, what if Baptiste Ricardo possessed the power of proving a true friend, eh? What if, by a word, he could change all this——?" and he waved his hand contemptuously, but Iris stopped him.

"I do not wish to hear anything you may have to say," she said. "I will not listen! If—if there is one spark of manliness left in you, you will grant my request and leave me!"

The signor laid his hand quickly on his heart.

"The simple wishes of a lady are as royal commands to Baptiste Ricardo, my child!" he said with mock dignity. "You dismiss me from your presence; you will not listen to me! Good! I go!"

He took up his hat, and stood eyeing her sideways, with a keen, cunning look, then he drew a long sigh.

"Had you but listened," he said. "But, there—no matter. Baptiste Ricardo is too proud to beg from the hand outstretched to bid him to depart."

Iris remained silent, regarding him fixedly.

"Miss Iris," he said suddenly, turning towards her on his way to the door, "fortune has smiled upon you, you are rich, famous; I am poor, and"—he shrugged his shoulders—"saints and angels! needs must when the demon drives!—I shall, as your father's old and trusted friend, stoop to borrow a five-pound note of you."

It was a demand, not a request, and Iris determined to resist it.

"I will give you nothing, not one penny," she said, in her low, quiet tone.

His eyes glittered evilly, and, throwing off his suppliant manner, he strode back into the room, and flinging himself into the chair, tilted his hat on to the back of his head with his forefinger, and then shook it at her impressively.

"You will not give me one penny!" he said; "son! that is your answer? Saints and angels, but I think you will sing to another tune presently, my prima donna! Tut! Is Baptiste Ricardo a child to be frightened by the airs of a stage girl! I asked you for five pounds! five pounds! A mere bagatelle to you who are paid so much for every night you open your lips! I will have ten, fifteen, twenty! Do you hear, my proud enfant, twenty?"

"You will have nothing," said Iris. "I am not afraid, Signor Ricardo! You threatened my father, you levied black mail upon him. I know it now. I know it as plainly as if he had lived to tell me! It was for my sake that he purchased your silence. He is dead and you can prey upon us no more."

Her eyes flashing, her graceful form drawn to its full height, she stood, a veritable Knighton, and confronted the scoundrel.

He looked quickly up at her with an evil smile.

"Superb!" he said mockingly. "No wonder they rave about you! My child, you are an actress born! But—bah!—I am used to stage scenes, and they move me not! I will bring down that haughty crest in a word or two. You defy me, Baptiste Ricardo! Soh!"

"I defy you!" said Iris promptly. "If you do not leave this room at once, I will ring the bell and send for a policeman!" and she laid her hand on the bell.

He leant back in his chair and laughed up at her.

"Ring!" he said. "Ring! Call in your police. What will you charge me with, my poor child?"

"Escaping from prison!" said Iris, firing in the dark.

The shot told, for the signor's lips twitched and his eyes dropped.

"Tut!" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "And then? Say that it is true, what will it avail you? There will be time for me to tell my story, and I do not keep my mouth closed this time! And what a story it is! I think the world that grovels at your feet, Miss Mabel Howard, will be immensely amused! Saints and angels, yes! They are all on the qui vive of curiosity, as it is, and they will be delighted with the morsel I can give them. They will turn it over on their tongues like a bonne bouche! This Miss Mabel Howard is no other than Iris Knighton, whose mother——"

Iris stopped him with a gesture.

"Go and tell it!" she said, pointing to the door, her face white, her lips compressed tightly.

He looked at her, not ashamed, for shame and the signor had parted company many, many years ago, but with a reluctant admiration.

"Tut, tut!" he said; "of course you would not care! What matters it to you? But, signorina, I think I shall get that five-pound-note yet."

He leaned forward and showed his gleaming teeth.

"You women are all alike! Threaten one of yourselves, and you set me at defiance, but threaten the one you love—eh? Tell me now, my child, you set me at defiance, you laugh me to scorn! I may go and tell your story at the street corner, and you care not; but suppose I have another story to tell, one that touches our friend the young earl—the great Lord Heron—eh?"

Iris's face blanched, and his keen, vulture-like eyes saw the effect he had produced, and he nodded at her with a smile of triumph.

"Ah, that touches you, does it?" he said with an evil chuckle. "The young lord is rolling in wealth, is master of the Revels, got all the land, the houses, has he not? Soh! What say you, if by a word, a whisper, I, Baptiste Ricardo could knock it all down like a house of cards?"

He waved his hand as he spoke and knocked a tumbler off the table.

"Just a word and I make a beggar of him!"

"It is a lie!" she breathed, but her face was white and her eyes strained and anxious.

He laughed.

"It is no lie!" he said. "I am no fool, my child, to threaten what I cannot fulfill! Dare me and I lay his proud head in the dust as I laid yours—ah, is it my friend Paul again?" he broke off as Paul opened the door looking anxious and alarmed.

"Mabel—Mabel, the time!" he said nervously.

Iris put her hand to her head.

"Directly, I am coming directly, Paul!" she said; then she took her purse from her pocket, and laid a ten-pound note on the table.

"Will you take this and go?" she said. "I am not rich, as you suppose, and I gave it you, not because I fear you——"

He grinned mockingly.

"Fear! Certes not!" he ejaculated. "What has fear to do between such old and dear friends? For this loan, my child, I thank you," and he flicked the note with the finger and thumb of his right hand into the palm of his left. "Baptiste Ricardo, the football of fortune, is not ungrateful. I respect your courage, my dear Miss Howard; I admire your beauty and your genius; in short, I am your true and constant friend!"

He had backed towards the door as he spoke, but having reached it he stopped, and with his hand upon the handle, shot at her a leer of mingled triumph and threat.

"Adieu, my child!" he said. "From this moment take courage. You are not alone or friendless in this cold, cruel world. Remember, that wherever your are I am not far from you, always ready to befriend and protect you; I, Baptiste Ricardo, your father's old friend!"

And with this parting shot, he glided triumphantly out.

Iris, worn out with the struggle, leant against the mantel-shelf, and hid her white face in her hands.

For herself she cared little.

The man might blazon the story, the story of her mother's shame to the world, and though it would have cost her a fresh agony, she could have escaped it by flying and hiding herself abroad. But the man's threat to ruin Heron Coverdale! Brave and resolute as she had been, she had not the courage to out-brave that!

It was a clever idea of the signor's,—who was, indeed, anything but an ordinary villain,—and it had conquered her.

"Oh, Mabel, has he gone? What is the matter? Who is he and what does he want?" exclaimed Paul, limping in and up to her side.

They were almost the very words she had addressed to her father, and as she replied, she recalled the never-to-be-forgotten appearance of the signor at the Revels.

"He is someone I knew in old times, long—long ago, Paul," she said. "Yes, he has gone now, and I don't think he will come again," but even as she spoke she sighed.

It was so unlikely that the signor would refrain from visiting any place where he could find a five-pound note.

"An old friend? But you are crying, Mabel, and you looked quite frightened," said Paul, doubtfully and anxiously.

"I am a little upset, Paul, I admit," she said, smiling bravely. "But, there, don't let us talk any more about him. What is the time? It must be frightfully late."

"It is, frightfully," he said, still anxiously, "the cab is at the door, we shall have to drive quickly, but—oh, Mabel, I do hope nothing is wrong, that you have heard no bad news or anything."

She laid her hand on his head soothingly and caressingly.

"Everything is wrong in this wrongest of all wrong worlds, Paul," she said, with a wan smile. "But there, I must get my things on."

They were later than usual at the theatre, and Mr. Stapleson was getting into a fidget about them, and his anxiety was scarcely lessened by their appearance when he saw the pallor of Iris's face.

"Hallo!" he said; "not well, Miss Howard? Look here, you know, you must take care of yourself."

"It is only a little headache," said Iris smiling, and she made her way to the dressing-room.

Just as she was going on to the stage, Mrs. Berry looked in at the dressing-room.

"Fuller than ever to-night, my dear," she said, with a cheerful nod. "Is your head better?"

"Yes, much, thanks!" said Iris.

"That's right! You must sing your best, for the prince is here again. Quite a swell house to-night, my dear; the Duke of Rossdale is in his box, and there are no end of titled people."

Iris smiled sadly.

"I like the other people best," she said slowly.

"So do we all, my dear," assented Mrs. Berry naively. "Five people in the pit are worth ten in the stalls—to us actors. Has anything happened?—you look pale and tired to-night."

"No, nothing very much," said Iris; but as she spoke, Signor Ricardo's words rang in her ears—"I could lay his proud head in the dust as I have laid yours. I could reduce him to beggary!"

Was it true? If so, then no matter what the cost, the man must be paid to keep silent!

The curtain drew up, and the beautiful Miss Howard glided on, and not one of the hundreds who hung upon her voice and gazed admiringly at her lovely face, guessed at the pallor that dwelt beneath the paint and powder, or the heartache that throbbed beneath the actress's smile.

In one of the front stalls sat, resplendent in evening dress, the signor himself; and with every round of applause he nodded and smiled, as if it were being accorded to himself.

"She is a fortune, a fortune!" he murmured. "Baptiste, you were born under a lucky star; and you have two strings to your bow! But be patient, be wary! Suck one orange at a time, my friend!"

He sat through the performance and enjoyed it as keenly as if he had brought the cleanest of clean consciences with him.

The house was more enthusiastic even than usual; perhaps because of the presence of the Heir Apparent, who leant forward in his box and applauded in his frank and genial manner, which has so much endeared him to actors and singers; and it was not until she had come before the curtain three times, to receive their shouts of approbation, that they would let the favorite go.

When the curtain was down, the signor, with his dress inverness thrown gracefully over his shoulders, sauntered up into the refreshment saloon.

A group of gentlemen were standing there waiting for the crowd to disperse in the lobbies, and the signor, as he lounged up to the counter and lit a cigarette, heard the name of Mabel Howard spoken by one of them.

"Better than ever to-night, your grace," said one, and the signor pricked up his ears and looked at the man addressed, a little wrinkled old bean—of course the Duke of Rossdale.

"Wonder who the deuce she is!" said another young man, the Earl of Ralisford, who had inherited a princely fortune and was getting through it at racehorse pace.

"Who cares, what does it matter!" said a third. "Daresay she's the daughter of some greengrocer and that her name's Smith."

"Stapleson keeps wonderfully dark about her," said Lord Ralisford complainingly.

"Don't it keep up the curiosity and excitement; it's a good advertisement," said another.

"By the way, duke," said Lord Ralisford. "I thought you promised to have her at one of the smoking concerts?"

"Yes, of course, so you did," said another.

The duke grinned until his face looked like a fisherman's net, all wrinkles.

"Did I?" he said. "Well, I'll keep my promise. But you must give me a little time."

Lord Ralisford laughed.

"Time?" he said. "If we give you until Doomsday you won't manage it. She is too difficile, duke."

The duke grinned again, but not too good-humoredly.

"Every woman has her price," he said sententiously.

"But no one has discovered Miss Mabel Howard's" said Lord Ralisford, flushing. "I tell you what, duke, I'll bet five to one that you don't produce her on Friday night—that's our next merry meeting, isn't it?"

The duke sipped his brandy and soda, and smiled, and the conversation flowed on.

The signor was standing close by the duke's elbow, his evil eye shining like a hawk's. Suddenly he bent his head and whispered,—

"Take him, your grace!"

The duke started, and looked up at him sideways.

"Who are you, sir?" he enquired in an equally low voice.

"A friend of Miss Howard's," said the signor under his moustache. "Take the bet, my lord, and I'll go halves!"

The duke's eyes glittered. He dearly loved a jest, more than winning a wager, and most dearly compromising some fair woman's name.

"Do you mean that bet seriously, Ralisford?" he said.

"What bet?" inquired the young lord, turning to him. "Oh, about Miss Howard? Yes! By Jove, yes! And from all I hear, I'm likely to win it, if anybody is foolish enough to take it."

"Well, I'll take you—in hundreds!" said the duke.

There was an instant's silence.

"You bet me a hundred pounds to five that she appears at our next smoking concert?" said Lord Ralisford. He had been drinking all day, but knew what he was about perfectly well.

"Yes, that is my bet," said the duke, turning his back to the signor, who leant against the counter and smoked his cigarette, with half-closed eyes, as if he had not heard a word.

"Certainly, I take you!" said Lord Ralisford. "Miss Howard isn't that kind, your grace! You'd better pay down on the spot!"

His grace's eyes twinkled as he shot an inquiring glance at the stolid face of the signor, and he shook his head.

"The bet's made!" he said. "We shall see!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

IRIS had been weak, almost foolishly so; but she had taken the only course that seemed to her possible. Signor Ricardo's threat that he would ruin Lord Heron might be an idle and lying one, but on the other hand it might have some basis on truth, and Iris would not chance it.

She would rather that the scoundrel should blackmail her of every penny she earned than that harm should come to Heron Coverdale.

Even if she could only protect him from annoyance, she would be willing to let the signor prey upon her for the rest of her life.

But the thing weighed upon, and worried her.

She dreaded meeting him again, and never went outside the door but she looked round with a half expectant, half fearful glance.

When she crossed the stage to the footlights in the evening, she tried to pierce the haze and ascertain if the man was amongst

the audience, and sometimes, with a shudder, she saw him seated in the stalls, or lounging in the dress circle.

It made little difference in her singing and acting, because she was a true artist, and an artist, be he actor or writer, forgets everything—trouble, fear, love—in his work; but when the play was over she would draw her veil still more closely over her face and hurry to the cab, dreading lest she should see the evil face with its black, beady eyes, or hear the soft, false, insidious voice.

The shock of his visit, and the constant strain of the threats of its repetition, told upon her.

She grew paler and, as it seemed, thinner, even in the few days which elapsed since his arrival.

Paul noticed it at once, and made anxious inquiries.

"Are you ill, Mabel, dear?" he asked. "You look paler and tired. It's the work! Oh, Mabel, I should never forgive myself if you were to get ill."

But Iris smiled.

"I'm not in the least ill, Paul," she said. "I feel a little tired, perhaps; but you must remember that all this excitement and late hours are new to me. I shall get used to them directly."

He was silent and thoughtful for a moment, then he said:

"Mabel, can we not go and live somewhere out in the country?"—Hampstead was "country" to Paul,—"there are late trains—past twelve o'clock, you know. You would be better, perhaps, in the country."

But Iris shook her head. Wherever she went, she felt that the signor would follow her.

"I don't think I should care to leave our present little nest, Paul, where we have been so peaceful and happy," she said; and Paul gave up the idea of living in the country.

Iris's success still continued. The charm of her manner, as well as the sweetness of her voice and the grace of her acting, grew upon the audiences, and there was a ring of almost affectionate welcome in the round of applause with which they greeted her appearance on the stage; but Mr. Stapleton was looking forward to the future, like a wise manager, and was anxious to procure a new opera to take the place of "The Imprisoned Princess" when that should have exhausted itself.

And now an idea occurred to Iris. Why should not Paul write the music for the new opera?

He had composed the prettiest song in the present one, and he played things of his own to her daily; why should he not compose the whole of the music to the new piece?

Paul's face flushed and his eyes glistened when she spoke to him about it, but he shook his head.

"I am afraid, Mabel," he said in a low voice.

"And I am not!" she said confidently. "Paul, you shall write the music for the new opera at the Lyric. That is settled; so set about it at once."

She did not stop at this, but went to Mr. Stapleton and got the plot and words of the new piece from him, and gave them to Paul.

"Now you can begin," she said.

This was on a Wednesday, and Paul, fired by her encouragement into enthusiasm, began composing the opening choruses.

He worked at it all Thursday, and on Friday morning he said:

"Mabel, I want you to hear what I have done."

He spoke modestly and hesitatingly, but when he had got his violin in his hand he played with his usual verve and force, and Iris was delighted.

"Oh, Paul!" she exclaimed, "you are fond of talking about my 'greatness;' you will be far 'greater' than I am or ever shall be! It is beautiful, delicious, enthralling!"

"Do you think so?" he said doubtfully. "I'm afraid you are not an impartial judge, Mabel, dear!"

"Then go to someone else!" she said with tender defiance. "Go to Mr. Montmorency, the leader of the band; he is a musician, although he parts his hair at the back and wears white kid gloves."

Paul thought for a moment.

"He parts his hair at the back because the audience can only see the back of his head," he said laughing. "But he is a musician, yes; but, Mabel, I can never get hold of him unless it is after the curtain is down; he never seems to have a moment to spare in the day time, and no one knows where he lives!"

"Then attack him to-night after the piece is over," said Iris. "I will speak to him. He won't refuse me, Paul. I will ask him to stay and hear you play it over to him, and you will get his true opinion. You will find, dear, that it coincides with mine."

Paul smiled.

"There isn't one of them who wouldn't say anything to please you, Mabel!" he said. "He will say it is beautiful, grand, anything, because he will know you want him to say it!"

"Then I won't stay," said Iris.

"You'll come home alone!" exclaimed Paul.

Iris laughed softly.

"I will come home alone. Why, you don't think the cab will be stopped in Oxford Street by highwaymen, Paul, do you?"

He laughed, but anxiously.

"You have never come home alone yet," he said reluctantly. "I have always been with you, Mabel."

"Yes," she said; "but it is time I learnt to ride two miles in a cab alone. I'm getting a big girl now, Paul, you know! You shall do as I say. I will speak to Mr. Montmorency before he goes into the orchestra, and after the piece is over, you shall play over to him what you have written, and you will come home and tell me what he says."

Paul consented, but reluctantly. He was only a boy, and a cripple at that, but he had always played the part of her companion and protector, and for no single night had he left her to thread the passage from the green room to the cab alone.

They went down to the theatre, and Iris sent a courteous message to Mr. Montmorency.

Would he kindly give her a few minutes in her dressing-room?

Mr. Montmorency was a middle-aged man with a large family. A very respectable man, and a good musician, but with a foible.

Most of us have one, some of us, alas! have two, or more.

Mr. Montmorency's foible was a love of the bottle, and an ambition for mixing with his betters.

He was fond of taking a glass in the refreshment saloon before and after the piece, though it was against the rules of the theatre for any of the actors or band to to appear in the front of the house, and his glass always tasted better and more piquant if there happened to be a noble lord, or even an "honorable," lounging in the little room.

Mr. Montmorency could sing a good song, and play the piano like an angel, and sometimes he was asked by one of the aristocrats whom he met at the refreshment bar to come and play at a bache'or's evening party, and Mr. Montmorency was rather given to remarking that he had been spending the evening with Lord Ralsford, or the Marquis of Fordingbridge.

He called playing the piano or singing a couple of songs "spending the evening."

A message from Miss Mabel Howard was viewed in the light of a summons by all connected with the Lyric, and he obeyed at once.

Iris was ready dressed for the first scene, and stood, a thing of beauty, arranging one of the bouquets of flowers which some unknown donor had sent her; and in a few words she communicated her request.

"I want you to hear what he has composed, not for my sake or for his, but for the sake of the music itself, Mr. Montmorency," she said, in her sweet way.

"I'd do it for your sake alone, Miss Howard," he said gallantly. "I have a little engagement to-night, but I'll let that slide. Paul shall play what he has composed, and I'm sure it will prove first rate," and he bowed himself out.

There was ten minutes to spare before the raising of the curtain, and he made his way to the refreshment saloon.

As he entered, Signor Ricardo, beautifully attired in evening dress, with his inverness thrown open over his spotless shirt front, sauntered in.

The signor was so frequent a visitor that he had become known, in a fashion, to the habitues of the Lyric, and he bestowed a friendly nod on Mr. Montmorency.

"House as full as usual?" he asked, rolling a cigarette in his thin white hands.

"Fuller than ever," said Mr. Montmorency, with gusto: "haven't had such a success for years. What will you take, signor? I've only got a minute."

The signor graciously named his liquor, and remarked:

"Yours is a hard life, my friend."

"Hard? Yes, I should think so!" said Mr. Montmorency, in a tone of self-commiseration. "What with the regular performances, and the rehearsals, there is quite enough, and more than enough. And to-night, to make it harder, I've got to stay and listen to the music for the new opera."

The signor nodded sympathetically.

"Sob?"

"Yes," said Mr. Montmorency, draining his glass, and looking into it fondly and regretfully. "By Paul Foster, composer of that pretty song Miss Howard sings. I shall be kept for a couple of hours I expect! Heigho!"

The signor pricked up his ears. To-night, Friday, was the night upon which the duke had wagered to produce Iris at the smoking-concert.

The signor had gone halves in that wager on the spur of the moment, and had been pondering since how he should entice or force Iris to be present. His quick and ready wit saw an opening.

"Is Paul Foster going to remain after the performance alone?" he said. "Miss Howard will keep him company, no doubt? Soh!"

"No," said Mr. Montmorency, with a smile; "Miss Howard is anxious that I should give him an impartial hearing; she is going home."

"Ah!" said the signor indifferently, but his eyes glittered. "Another drink? No? Well, adieu, my friend!"

Mr. Montmorency grasped his hand, and presently made his appearance in the orchestra, but the signor lolled against the bar, and smoked thoughtfully.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds!" he murmured more than once. "Yes, it is worth chancing!"

The play commenced; he could hear that it had done so by the roar which welcomed Miss Mabel Howard's appearance, but still people kept dropping in.

Presently the Duke of Rosedale, neat as a wax figure, came into the refreshment saloon.

"A brandy and soda, my dear," he said, then seeing the signor, he gave a little stare and a smile, that was half a frown, as he nodded.

"Good evening, your grace," said the signor, raising his hat, and showing his white teeth.

The duke nodded again, and his little eyes looked at him out of their bed of wrinkles with the cunning of a monkey's.

He had met the signor several times since the night the bet had been made, but had not vouchsafed a word, beyond returning the signor's greeting.

His grace had felt that he had done rather a reckless thing in accepting the bet at the prompting of a stranger, especially a stranger who was a foreigner with a melodramatic face and an evil smile, but his grace had met with some strange adventures in his life, and there was something in the man's manner which led him to hope that the signor had not made an empty boast when he had said that he was Miss Howard's friend.

The signor drew a little nearer the dapper figure.

"Your grace has not forgotten me, I trust?" he said smiling, with a little bow.

"I never forget anyone, my friend," retorted his grace sharply. "You are—'Miss Howard's friend.'"

The signor inclined his head.

"Miss Mabel Howard's friend—exactly," he said in an undertone. "Your grace has not forgotten our little bet—our small wager?"

"Little—small!" muttered his grace, blinking, sarcastically. "Five hundred pounds isn't very little or small to me, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Ricardo," supplied the signor. "Parbleu! No! It is a good sum, and I feel one half of it in my pockets now!" and he touched his pocket with his long forefinger, and smiled confidently.

The duke eyed him attentively and somewhat suspiciously.

People were still dropping in, and one or two men bowed respectfully to his grace as they passed.

"I wish I could say the same," retorted his grace, rather grimly. "It was rather a foolish bet, and I should like to hedge."

"Bah!" said the signor, with a little gesture of serene complacency; "it is nothing. If your grace will confide in me, you shall win your friend's money for us both. Half-an-hour after the theatre—say an hour, and Miss Mabel Howard will honor your little symposium with her presence."

The duke was impressed in spite of himself by the man's manner.

"I hope you may be right, Mr. Ricardo," he said slowly, his eyes twinkling. "How you are going to manage it——"

The signor shrugged his shoulders, and smiled sardonically.

"Leave that to me, your grace," he said. "Did I not say Miss Howard was an old friend of mine? What will not one do to oblige an old friend?" and he showed his white teeth meaningly.

The duke looked hard at the ground.

If this man could do what he professed to be able to do, and produce Mabel Howard at the Midnight Club, as the institution was called, what a triumph it would be for him, the duke.

How mad Ralleford would be! And there would be two hundred and fifty pounds, not a small sum, by any means, as he had said.

"Well," he said, "you know the place?"

The signor nodded.

"I leave the matter to you. I did think of speaking to Miss Howard and telling her that I would give her the money I won to spend—in charity if she liked."

The signor made a grimace.

"That would have been a waste most sinful, your grace!" he said.

The duke smiled.

"I don't care about the money—so much; but I should like to prove that the young lady isn't so unapproachable; you understand!"

The signor understood perfectly.

"Yes, yes, certainly! Saints and angels, what is the paltry sum to his Grace of Rosedale? No! It is to win—the victory, the triumph!"

"Exactly," said the duke.

He looked round the room with his small, twinkling eyes for a moment, then, as the clear sweet voice of Iris rose and penetrated to the saloon, he started and trotted off to his box without another word.

The signor did not go into the theatre; for reasons of his own, he was not at all desirous of reminding Iris of his existence that night.

Instead, he went out into the dark streets and walked about until the play was over.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies—old-fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise **Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla,** "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

JACK TAR'S SUPERSTITION.—Among beliefs current among sailors is the notion that it is unlucky to turn a loaf upside down after helping oneself from it; the idea being, that for every loaf so turned a ship will be wrecked.

It is also said that if a loaf parts in the hand being cut it bodes dissensions in the family—the separation of husband and wife.

Again, it has long been a widespread belief that the whereabouts of a drowned body may be ascertained by floating a loaf of bread down a stream, when it will stop over the spot where the body is.

A curious account of a body thus recovered near Hull appeared, some years back, in the "Gentleman's Magazine":

"After diligent search had been made in the river for the child to no purpose, a twopenny loaf, with a quantity of quicksilver put into it, was set floating from the place where the child was supposed to have fallen in, which steered its course down the river upward of half a mile, when, the body happening to lie on the contrary side of the river, the loaf suddenly tacked about and swam across the river, and gradually sank near the child, when both the body and the loaf were brought up with the grapplers ready for the purpose."

A correspondent maintains, that it is a scientific fact that a loaf and quicksilver indicates the position of the body, as the weighted loaf is carried by the current just as the body is.

This practice, too, prevails on the continent; and in Germany the name of the drowned person is inscribed on the piece of bread; while in France loaves consecrated to St. Nicholas, with a lighted wax taper in them, have generally been employed for that purpose.

FRENCH CIRCUMLOCUTION.—Here is what the French papers say on the matter: A provincial, desirous of gathering foxglove in one of the State forests, applied for admission to the local authority offering at the same time to pay an annual sum of six francs for the privilege. The local magnate transmitted the request to his inspector, who forwarded it to the conservator of the department, who despatched it to Paris, to the general inspector of forests, who caused it to be sent to the Minister of Finance.

The minister referred it for study to the director-general of domains, who sent it to the departmental director of domains, to be examined by the registrar. The latter, after examination, pronounced a favorable opinion on the request, and sent it back to the departmental director, who forwarded it to the general director, who, in his turn, despatched it to the minister through the agency of the general secretary of finance, who availed himself of the opportunity to make his comments on the matter. Then the unhappy druggist's request was returned to the director-general of forests, who sent it to the conservator, he to the inspector, and the inspector to the garde general, who was the original recipient of the request. The authority to "cull simples," at length reached the successor of the original postulant, and at an age when he was too old to herborize.

If envy, like anger, did not burn itself in its own fire, and consume and destroy those persons it possesses, before it can destroy those it wishes worst to, it would set the whole world on fire, and leave the most excellent persons the most miserable.

ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM."

Speculation has recently arisen regarding the origin of the term "Uncle Sam" as applied to the United States government.

In the war of 1812, between this country and Great Britain, Elbert Anderson, of New York, purchased in Troy, N. Y., a large amount of pork for the American army.

It was inspected by Samuel Wilson, who was popularly known as "Uncle Sam." The barrels of pork were marked "E. A., U. S." the lettering being done by a facetious employe of Mr. Wilson.

When asked by fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark (for the letters U. S., for United States, were then almost entirely new to them), said "he did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," alluding to Uncle Sam Wilson.

The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently, and "Uncle Sam" himself being present, was occasionally rallied on the increasing extent of his possessions. Soon the incident appeared in print, and the joke gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of the country, and, says John Frost, the Boston historian, will no doubt continue so while the United States remains a nation.

It is now firmly imbedded in the Mosaic of our language, like "Tippecanoe," "Log Cabin," and other short but expressive phrases, which refer to important events in the history of the Republic. Both "Tippecanoe" and "Log Cabin" have taken on renewed force and vitality since their adoption by Hon. H. H. Warner, of Safe Cure fame, in the naming of two of his great standard remedies, the principal one known as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. They are based upon formulæ so successfully used by our ancestors in the cure of the common ailments to which their arduous labors rendered them liable in the good old Log Cabin days.

The name of Warner's Safe Cure, likewise, will be held in high esteem, as familiar as a household word, while it continues to cure the worst forms of Kidney Disease, which the medical profession confesses itself unable to do.

HOPE ON.

BY L. M. S.

"If it were not for Hope, the heart would break,"
Is an adage old as the hills,
Ah! Hope is the last of friends to forsake,
And it lightens all earthly ills!

Life is too brief to waste with Despair,—
Onward and upward I shall be our cry!
We'll thrust from our hearthstone grim, carking care,
But welcome dear Hope with joy till we die!

Between Four Walls

BY J. LANDERS.

CHAPTER II.

IT was wonderful how much at home she felt and looked already. She made a winsome little picture enough, as she sat curled up in a big easy-chair brought by Darrell from the other room for her benefit.

She was not exactly pretty, that young man decided, as he looked at her from his dark corner at the other side of the fireplace—but there was something wonderfully lovable and attractive about the pale little face with its fluffy brown hair, and its great dark eyes out of which the pure fearless woman's soul looked so trustfully.

A man might safely give his heart into the keeping of such a sweet little woman, he reflected further.

Then he pulled himself up with a little start, and frowned slightly at his own folly.

"I know one thing," said Carruthers suddenly, as he stretched himself out in his chair, and lit a fresh cigar—"there's not a single dish of any kind or description going to be washed in this house to-night."

Leslie laughed; then she grew suddenly grave.

"Aunt Priscilla will think I am dead," she said looking meditatively into the bright fire. "I do wish I had not ventured out yesterday; it was most unlucky."

Both men were silent; for they could not honestly say they really agreed with her.

On the contrary, I fear that with an utter disregard for the feelings of poor Aunt Priscilla, they were rather glad that a capricious chance had thrown this winsome maiden on their protection.

It seemed curiously natural and familiar to see her sitting there, to see the firelight glinting on her hair, to hear her childlike laugh.

It seemed incredible that they were unconscious of her very existence yesterday—only yesterday!

Next day passed much as its predecessor had done, except that the men worked hard all the morning—cleaning the snow from about the house, while Leslie attended carefully to the domestic arrangements herself.

In the afternoon Carruthers distinguished himself by concocting a fearful and wonderful stew for supper, which it appeared he had known and loved of old.

Leslie looked on in sarcastic disapproval, and Darrell chopped up wood in the back-kitchen.

Owing however to a somewhat liberal distribution of cayenne pepper, and the total absence of any other seasoning, the stew was not a marked success, though its author declared it was "the finest thing he had tasted for many a long day."

Whereupon Leslie and Darrell at once, and with suspicious haste, gave up all their rights to its consumption in his favor, and contented themselves with warmed-up fowl and bacon.

Three more days passed; the frost still held, and the provisions diminished with alarming rapidity.

Fortunately they had plenty of coals, for the cold was intense.

The men worked steadily during the greater part of each day—not only clearing the snow from around the house, but working a path to the main road across the moor.

Leslie found plenty to occupy her indoors; but flitted in and out at intervals to inspect "the work" as she called the snow-cleaning.

In the evenings they were all glad enough to draw round the fire for rest and warmth. And very pleasant evenings they were.

There was an ever-increasing charm to both men in Leslie's innocent chatter, in her half-childlike, half-womanly ways, and in her singing.

For she had offered in a naive little way to sing to them, "to help to pass the time."

So she sang every night. She had a sweet, touching, bird-like voice—a voice that found its way at once to the heart and stayed there.

It was, then, the fifth day of Miss Heath's sojourn in the little household, and it was Sunday.

After the eight o'clock supper—Leslie would not allow it to be called dinner—they were as usual gathered round the fire.

The lamp was unlit, for oil was scanty and therefore precious. Candles too, were few. And as Leslie said, firelight was good enough to talk by.

"Are we to have no music to-night, Miss Heath?" Darrell asked rather reproachfully, when they had sat silent for some time.

Leslie was sitting on the fender, burning her bonnie little face at the fire. At Darrell's words she looked up with sweet serious eyes and said:

"I can't sing songs, you know, as it is Sunday. I never do. And I suppose you wouldn't care for hymns?"

"Why should you suppose that?" he said in a curiously gentle voice. While Carruthers said bluntly:

"We had rather you sang hymns than didn't sing at all. Please do, Miss Heath."

And Leslie clasped her little hands round her knees and sang, with an earnest, absorbed, almost childlike unconsciousness, the old, sweet, familiar hymns which never grow really old for any of us; and as she sang, both men seemed carried back—back—through the long years, to their boyhood and childhood.

"Thank you," said Carruthers in a low tone, when at last the sweet clear voice ceased.

Darrell did not say anything. He was leaning back in his chair, with folded arms; and rather a stern look about his mouth.

"I always sing to Aunt Priscilla on Sunday nights," said the girl dreamily, after a short pause. Then she added, "And I always read her a chapter from the Bible, too."

"Will you not read to us also," said Darrell suddenly, after another short silence.

There was an indescribable softening in his deep voice as it came through the firelit dusk. His face Leslie could not see, for it was in deep shadow.

"Yes," she answered at once, "if you wish it. There is a Bible in my room. It is yours, is it not?" looking at Darrell.

"Yes," he answered very kindly, "it is mine."

"I will get it," said Carruthers, rising and going out of the room. In less than a minute he was back again.

"No, don't light the lamp," said Leslie. "I can see quite well."

Then she opened the book, and began to read, choosing a short chapter in Isaiah. The grand old words fell with a strange, solemn significance from the girlish lips, thought at least one of her listeners; and he became conscious with a sharp, sudden pang, of the wide terrible desert of years, and follies, and sins that lay between this pure, childlike, innocent little soul—and his own.

Then he thought of his mother; it was more than twenty years since she had given him that little book—twenty years!

"And sorrow and sighing shall flee away," read Leslie, as she finished the chapter and closed the book.

This time it was Darrell who thanked her.

Shortly afterwards she said good-night and went to her room.

"What a dear little thing she is," said Carruthers tenderly, as he came back to his seat again, after opening the door for her. "Don't you think so?"

"Yes," was the terse answer.

"What an iceberg you are, Darrell," went on Carruthers with some impatience. "About women, I mean."

"Ah," said the other indifferently. "Just hand me my pipe, will you—and the matches. Thanks."

There was a somewhat lengthened silence; then Gilbert said suddenly.

"Look here, old man, I'm going to tell you something that will make you think me an out-and-out fool."

Darrell took his pipe more firmly between his teeth.

He knew what was coming. But he did not say anything, and Carruthers continued:

"Now, if you had told me last Sunday that in less than a week I should be more hopelessly hard hit than ever I was in my life, I should simply have called you an ass."

"Much obliged," said the other very curtly.

"I should, really," went on Carruthers, absently taking up the poker and raking out bits of glowing coal from between the bars of the grate. "The fact is, old man, I'm as deeply in love as any schoolboy."

Darrell received this announcement in perfect silence.

"Hang it all, Lance, you might show a little interest!" burst out Gilbert in an aggrieved tone.

"My dear fellow, you must remember that, as yet, I have no peg to hang my interest on, so to speak," returned Darrell in rather a strained voice. "Am I to understand that you have—fallen in love with Miss Heath?"

He got out the last words sharply and almost roughly, as if they hurt him.

Gilbert paused in the act of lighting his pipe and nodded.

"You've hit it," he said then, as he slowly threw away the match. "The thing is—has she—would she think anything of me?"

"Well, I suppose you hardly intend ascertaining her views on the matter in the meantime?" observed Darrell very shortly.

"Do I intend being a howling cad?" was the indignant rejoinder. "Of course I shall wait till we get out of this confounded hole—if we ever do."

Then, after a pause, he went on almost boyishly, "I say, old fellow, do you think I'd have any chance?"

"I see no reason why you should not," was the answer in an odd voice.

Carruthers leant his elbow on his knee, and stared steadily into the fire. Then he said:

"Upon my soul, as she sat there reading and singing to us to-night, with that babyish seriousness in her eyes—bless her!—I tell you, Darrell, I could have taken her in my arms and kissed her, the little darling!"

He stirred the fire into a rousing blaze as he spoke, and smiled—a little caressing smile.

Darrell altered his position slightly, but he did not speak, and the other proceeded:

"I've fancied once or twice, you know, from her manner and that—that perhaps I might have a chance. Eh? What do you think?"

"How the deuce should I know?" returned Darrell suddenly and savagely. "The girl has not confided in me!"

"Well, you needn't flare up like that about it," observed Carruthers, after surveying his companion in undisguised amazement for perhaps a minute. "Dash it all, we've always been chums, and I naturally thought you——. But, of course, it's no matter," he broke off rather huffishly.

Darrell laid aside his pipe—it had been out for some time—and rose slowly to his feet. The firelight flashed full in his white face, and Carruthers exclaimed hastily:

"I say, old chap, are you ill? By Jove! you look uncommonly queer!"

"Ill—no," said the other, speaking seemingly with an effort. "I've felt rather done-up all day, though, somehow. I think I'll go to bed."

Leslie noticed next morning that Darrell was unusually silent, even for him, and he was never a talkative fellow.

She also noticed that his breakfast consisted of half-a-cup of coffee and nothing more.

They breakfasted in the sitting-room that morning, for the kitchen chimney had taken to smoking violently.

"I say, Lance," said Carruthers, when the meal was over, and Leslie had flitted away to the kitchen, "are you afraid of the provisions giving out altogether, that you took no breakfast? We've still enough for a day or two. Miss Heath found two more tins of tongue this morning."

"No, it isn't that," said Darrell, who was leaning back in his chair, looking wretchedly white and ill. "But I have a most confounded sore throat, and feel so completely done up I can scarcely move. Please don't worry me, there's a good fellow. And don't say anything to Miss Heath."

But Miss Heath saw for herself that Darrell was looking very ill, and that as the day advanced he looked worse. His voice, too, grew hoarse and thick, and finally almost inaudible.

"You have got a shocking cold, have you not?" she said, looking down at him anxiously as he sat shivering over the fire in the winter dusk.

"Yes, I suppose I have," he answered, trying to smile. "I feel regularly floored."

Some hours later, when Leslie had left the room to see about supper, Darrell rose suddenly.

"I say, Gilbert," he said faintly, "I can't sit up any longer. I feel awfully ill; and I don't want any supper. Make my excuses to Miss Heath, will you?"

"Poor old chap! you do look bad," said Carruthers in a concerned voice. "Is it your throat?"

"Partly. Besides, I am horribly sick."

"Have some brandy," suggested the other.

"No, thanks. I cannot swallow anything."

And he went very languidly out of the room.

So Gilbert and Leslie had a tete-a-tete dinner, and rather a silent one.

Darrell was very ill all night, and in the morning was quite unfit to leave his bed.

"I can't get him to take anything," said Carruthers to Leslie, after breakfast. "I tried to give him a teaspoonful of brandy—he's been so sick, you know; but I don't think he can swallow at all now. And he seems so awfully weak; he can hardly lift his head. I can't understand his losing strength so in the time."

"I hope it is not diphtheria," said Leslie, speaking almost in a whisper, and turning very pale. "It begins just in that way. And it is such a swift, insidious thing. I had a cousin who died of it; and she was only ill a few days."

"I don't know what it is," said Carruthers gloomily. "I don't like his looks, anyway. His throat has been bad for some days, he says, but he thought it would pass off."

"I say, old fellow," muttered Darrell late that night, when the other had been vainly persuading him to have a spoonful of tinned soup he had heated for him, "keep away from me as much as you can. I know what this is now. It's diphtheria, and it's horribly infectious."

"Oh, no, it isn't, old man; it's just a bad cold, you know," said Carruthers heatily.

But he felt more alarmed at Darrell's looks than he would have cared to own; and, as a matter of fact, he was beginning to feel queer enough himself, for his own throat was just sufficiently painful to render swallowing a very disagreeable necessity, and his limbs felt as tired and heavy as though he had been walking for days.

"I wish there was anything I could do," he went on in a troubled voice.

The other smiled faintly.

"Leave me alone, there's a good old chap," he said wearily and indistinctly. "It's no use. I don't think I shall see another night. This sort of thing loses no time, you know."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Darrell," remonstrated Carruthers. "Why, we'll have you as well as ever in a couple of days," he added, with a poor attempt at cheerfulness.

In the morning, however, Darrell could not speak above a whisper, and hardly that.

He was not unconscious, but utterly prostrate and powerless.

He shook his head when Carruthers brought him a cup of coffee, and altogether seemed so far through, that the other went back to the sitting-room with a terribly anxious look in his bonnie blue eyes, and a curious, unwonted tightening at his heart. For they had been friends, indeed almost brothers, since their school-days.

Leslie looked up quickly as he slowly entered.

"How is he?" she asked, in a voice that shook perceptibly.

"Very bad," was the very brief answer.

"Is he worse, do you really think?" she faltered.

"He's about as bad as he can be," he answered in a choked voice.

He bit his lips nervously, and then burst out:

"Oh, I say, Miss Heath, I can't help thinking it's all up with the dear old fellow. You've no idea how ill he is. He says himself he'll not last through another night. Mercy! it's awful to be shut up here—to see him die before our very eyes——"

He stopped quickly and took a gulp of coffee.

While he was speaking Leslie had half risen from her chair, nervously grasping the table with both her hands.

"Do you mean that he will die?" she gasped.

Carruthers rose too, with a gesture of alarm and dismay.

"Miss Heath — Leslie — good gracious! how white you look! You are not going to faint, are you? Let me get you some water or something."

"No—no," she whispered. "I—I am not ill. Dying—you say! Dying! Ah, no—no. It would be too cruel. Oh, surely you can get some help," she went on wildly and passionately. "Surely you will not let him die without making an effort, at least, to save him! Why don't you? He will die—he will surely die! Oh, it is cruel!"

She threw herself into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

Carruthers grew very white.

"What do you mean?" he said very hoarsely. "What is it to you—his life or death?"

She made no answer; but he could see that she was trembling violently.

"Do you mean," he said, speaking very slowly, and with long pauses between the words, "that you—care for him—that you—love him?"

She looked up then, her eyes dry and tearless, but full of a maidenly indignation at the ruthless question.

"You have no right——" she began in a breathless whisper.

"An wer me," he interrupted her very harshly.

Then all at once she broke into bitter weeping.

"I don't know—I don't know," she sobbed wildly. "But if he dies—oh, if he dies my heart will break!"

The next moment she was gone, and Carruthers was alone.

He stood quite still where she had left him. The room seemed to grow suddenly dark. He groped his way to a chair and sat down.

"If he dies my heart will break!"

The sweet, childish tones, vibrating with a new fierce note of woman's passion, rang in his ears still.

He had half-suspected for the last day or two that Darrell cared for Leslie, but never that she cared for him—never. He hid his face on his arm, feeling curiously tired and sick.

He sat quite still for some time, and when he raised his head his blue eyes were a little misty, and his lips were trembling.

Now, if any one had leisure to think of the weather this morning, they would have noticed that the wind had changed during the night, and that it was thawing very rapidly.

Carruthers' attention was drawn to this fact by a stray sunbeam shining on the opposite wall, and it strengthened his already half-formed resolution.

"Poor little soul!" he muttered, as the girl's great despairing eyes seemed again to look into his. "Well—her heart shall not break if I can help it."

He rose, crossed the hall, and entered the sick man's room. Darrell was lying quite still, seeming to breathe with painful difficulty.

His eyes were closed, but he opened them as Carruthers came to the bedside. The latter bent over him, and moistened his lips with brandy. Darrell thanked him with a look.

He was past speaking now. Carruthers replenished the fire, and went slowly out of the room, then he got on his boots wrapped himself up in his overcoat, and provided himself with a very stout walking-stick.

As he passed the door of Leslie's room a

he paused, fancying he heard a sound of stifled sobbing. But as he moved away the door opened and the girl slowly came out.

Her eyes were swollen and she was very pale, but on seeing Carruthers she flushed up suddenly. He took her hands in his, and drew her gently into the sitting-room.

"I am going to Princetown to get a doctor," he said very quietly. "It is thawing rapidly, so I daresay I shall manage very well. Shall you be afraid to be left alone until I return?"

"No—no," she answered with a little sob. "Oh, Mr. Carruthers, forgive me for my hasty words!—forget all I said—I did not——"

"My dear," he said unsteadily, "I have nothing to forgive."

She hesitated a moment, then she said, with earnest, troubled eyes raised to his:

"May I—may I take care of him till you come back? He—he might die there, all alone. And," eagerly, "you need not be afraid of infection for me. I had diphtheria once long ago. And I was with my cousin when she died, and I never took it."

There was a pathetic quivering of the tender little mouth that was almost too much for Carruthers. He passed his hand wearily over his forehead.

"It is an awful risk for you," he said in a harassed kind of voice. "But—I must go—it is the only chance for the dear old fellow; and as you say, he ought not to be left alone. I hope I shall only be away a few hours at furthest; but if I should not get back before dark, will you light the little lantern and put it in the loft window? I don't know that there is much you can do for Darrell," he went on with a half break in his voice, "except give him a spoonful of brandy from time to time, if you can get him to take it. There isn't much, but I will bring some back with me. And—keep away from him as much as you can; there is no use running any needless risk."

He tried to look and speak as usual, but he did not succeed very well.

Leslie looked at him anxiously.

"You are not ill, too, are you?" she said kindly.

"Oh no," he answered in a quiet voice. "Now, good-bye for a few hours. No, don't come to the door; it is too cold for you."

As he spoke, he pulled his tweed cap well over his forehead, and buttoned his coat up to his neck.

"God bless you, my darling," he murmured under his breath, as he turned away.

Then he passed out into the chill air of the winter morning.

He had rather the wind had been a little less keen, for his head ached, and his throat felt abominably stiff and sore. But he pulled himself together, and plunged away through the snowdrifts, the first of which took him up to his waist, and the next nearly to his neck.

However, a hundred yards or so from the house walking became less difficult, the snow barely reaching his knees.

After a few minutes's hesitation Leslie opened the door of the room where Darrell lay, and went in. It was no time to think of conventionalities, the poor child reflected feverishly.

He was ill—alone—perhaps dying, and (here a rush of crimson stained her cheeks) she loved him.

She had almost loved him before she knew him—this hitherto unknown hero who had saved uncle Jim's life—and his grave, tender, chivalrous thought and care for her had done the rest.

She knew now why the past few days had seemed so strangely happy to her; and why the possibility of his illness ending fatally filled her with such a terrified, dreary sense of desolation.

He opened his eyes as the door opened, and a dark flush rose to his face when he saw who his visitor was.

His lips moved, but soundlessly, and he made a weak gesture as though to motion her away from him.

"Hush! you must not try to talk," she said very calmly and steadily. "I am going to take care of you until Mr. Carruthers comes back. He has gone to Princetown for a doctor. The snow is rapidly melting, and it has begun to rain, so he will not be very long away. You need not fear infection for me," she added, noting the distressed anxiety in his eyes; "I have nursed people with diphtheria before, and never taken it."

Then she moistened his lips with brandy, shook up his pillows, and gently sponged his face and hands.

He was too weak to gainsay her, indeed, he appeared to grow momentarily weaker, his breath came in short, quick gasps, and after a time he hardly seemed to notice that she was in the room.

With a choking sob she went back to the sitting-room. There was nothing she could do—nothing.

Only wait. Almost mechanically she cleared the breakfast-table, and turned her attention to the fire, which had burned rather low.

Carruthers would be cold and wet when he came back, she remembered. When he came back?

Would he get back in time? Could he? She absently crumpled up a piece of an old newspaper, and was about to thrust it between the bars of the grate, to coax the dying fire, when a few of the printed words caught her attention.

Smoothing out the paper, she hastily scanned the paragraph, which ran thus:

"The value of common flowers of sulphur in cases of malignant sore throat is becoming daily more fully recognized by the medical faculty. Even in the last stage of diphtheria, when used as a gargle, or in extreme cases—where the patient is unable to gargle—sprayed upon the throat, it has been known to eat away the false membrane which is the peculiar characteristic of this disease, and give speedy relief." Then followed directions as to use, etc.

Leslie dropped the paper, and rose quickly to her feet.

She stood quite still for a minute or two, pressing her hands to the sides of her head in confused, anxious thought. Where had she seen a little paper packet labelled "Flowers of Sulphur?"

In another moment she was in the kitchen, wildly rummaging in the drawers. After searching in vain for some time, she suddenly, and with a quick little cry, pounced upon a small, crushed-up paper packet at the back of one of the shelves. It was labelled "Flowers of Sulphur." There was not much, but there was enough. She put a teaspoonful in a wine-glass, and filled it up with water, for milk she had none.

The sulphur obstinately floated on the top, of course; so she mixed it after a fashion with her finger.

Then she went back to Darrell. He shook his head when she explained to him what she wanted to do. He was feeling too horribly weak to desire anything but to be left alone.

"But see," she pleaded, "I don't want you even to try to swallow it. Just hold it in your mouth, and let it lie on your throat only for a few seconds. I will lift your head. Ah! will you not try—just to please me?"

Her eyes were full of tears; and Darrell seeing them—and because he loved her so he could have refused her nothing—did as she bade him, not once, but many times.

Without going into further medical details, I may say that the remedy had the desired effect.

In the course of a few hours he was able to speak, though only in a whisper, and in another hour could swallow a little soup.

This last was painful to him beyond expression; but he would not for worlds have grieved his gentle nurse by saying so.

He asked anxiously once or twice if Carruthers had returned, and Leslie went again and again to the outer door to see if there was any sign of him.

But all was still, save for the drip of the fast-melting snow from the roof and the surrounding out-houses.

The day wore on and died; and still Carruthers did not come back. Leslie lit the little lantern and placed it in the loft window.

Then she made herself a cup of coffee; for she had tasted nothing since breakfast-time.

"I am horribly anxious about you," Darrell murmured restlessly, when he had watched her light the candle, sweep up the hearth, and prepare to torture him with more sulphur. "I ought not to allow you to come near me, but ——"

"But you can't help yourself, you see," she said with a miserable little attempt at gaiety, as she slowly lifted his head on her arm.

"Dear little child!" he whispered, looking up at her with a sad tenderness in his sunken eyes, "How can I thank you for all you have done for me. If I get well—I shall owe my life to you."

Leslie laid his head gently back on the pillows again. Then, quite suddenly, she burst into tears and ran out of the room.

Darrell thought she was anxious about Carruthers' safety, and he turned over and hid his face on his arm with a weary sigh.

For himself, he didn't much care just then whether he got well or whether he didn't.

Indeed, if he had had any choice, he would probably have preferred the latter, being weak to wretchedness, and wofully heartsick besides.

Eight o'clock—nine—ten. Still Carruthers did not come. Leslie lancied Darrell's voice and pulse had grown perceptibly weaker, though, after the last application of sulphur, his breathing had been much easier, and he could swallow liquids with less difficulty.

But the girl knew that now, more than ever, it was of the last importance that he should have constant nourishment. And, alas! she had given him the last of the brandy an hour ago.

She had no more soup for him either, the little jar of Liebig was empty. As the hours went on a kind of sick despair came over her—a terrible sense of her own impotence.

About midnight she opened the front door and looked out. It was a dark, starless night, and raining heavily. But no sound of footsteps or voices came through the darkness.

She closed the door with a sinking heart, and went back to Darrell's room again, her childish face white and set, and hopeless.

For she had lost all hope. He was lying quite still—so still that Leslie felt her heart almost stop beating. Had the end come so soon?

She knelt beside the bed in an abandonment of grief and terror, and gazed wildly into the sick man's changed, haggard face—the face that in those few short days had become so inexpressibly dear to her.

He did not breathe.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, "have you left me then—and I love you so—I love you so!"

And she hid her face in her hands in a tearless agony of sobs.

Darrell's voice made her start violently. His eyes were open, and shone with an infinite love and tenderness.

"Leslie!" he murmured indistinctly, as she seized his hand, and (hardly knowing what she did, poor child, in her passionate relief) held it to her lips. "Leslie—my dear little one—it is too late——"

His voice slowly died away; his eyes closed.

"Lancelot!" she shrieked, in a paroxysm of mingled grief and uncontrollable physical fear. "Speak to me—just one word!"

He did not answer. She laid her little hand on his heart. It was still.

Then she knew that he would never speak to her again.

She could not cry, and was conscious of a vague wonder that she could not. Trembling in every limb, she crouched close to the bed, her eyes fastened on the worn, still face of which she already felt a nameless fear.

And yet she dared not go out of the room. A nervous horror of she knew not what possessed her, and froze her blood.

Darrell's watch lay on the dressing-table; its loud ticking was distinctly audible through the stillness.

The rain swept at intervals against the windows. The candle burnt down in its socket. The kitchen clock struck one, and the sound seemed to echo eerily through the silent house.

All at once there was a sound of voices and trampling feet outside—the noise of an opening door—a hurried exclamation—and the next moment Carruthers was in the room, followed by a dark, keen-eyed, elderly man, who went at once to Darrell's bedside.

"Is he alive?" exclaimed Gilbert hoarsely, "or are we too late?"

Leslie, who had risen slowly to her feet, looked at him with stony, tearless eyes.

"You are too late!" she moaned drearily. "Too late!"

"Nothing of the kind," broke in the doctor's kindly voice. "He'll do yet. Give me the brandy, Mr. Carruthers, and tell your man to heat some water. We'll bring him round, please God."

And they did bring him round. He had a splendid constitution, and he rallied wonderfully.

But Carruthers, who had shown powers of endurance almost superhuman in the face of the pain and weakness he had sternly combated for so many hours, now gave in suddenly and utterly; for the fell disease which already had him so firmly in its grasp, would be held at bay no longer.

By the next morning he was unable to speak; and almost before they realized that he was in danger, he was beyond all human help.

He bade no farewell to the girl he loved, or the man whose life he had saved, but passed almost imperceptibly from a heavy dream-like stupor into death itself.

As for Leslie, she did not even know the poor fellow was ill until he had been dead some hours; for when she heard that Darrell still lived and that he was out of immediate danger, she crept away to her own room and lay down on her bed, utterly worn out and exhausted.

And as the doctor forbade her entering the sick-room again, she consented to take the sleeping-draught he prepared for her, and slept soundly and dreamlessly for many hours.

And for that sleep she never quite forgave herself. She felt certain she could have saved the one life as she had saved the other.

She went home that same afternoon—the afternoon of Carruthers' death, I mean—escorted by Wellings; and Aunt Priscilla, who had been mourning her as dead, received her with tears of joy.

When Miss Carlyon heard her story, she insisted that Captain Darrell should be removed to The Grange with as little delay as possible, where she nursed him into convalescence herself, assisted, after a time, by Leslie.

Carruthers' death was a terrible blow to Darrell. He went abroad as soon as he was strong enough, and remained away for a year.

But he carried with him Leslie Heath's promise that at the end of that year she would become Leslie Darrell.

And she kept her word.

They are exceptionally happy, both in themselves and in their children, the eldest of whom bears the name of the brave fellow whose memory will always live, undimmed and unforgotten, in both their hearts.

And the memory is a very, very sad one.

[THE END.]

It may be remarked for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will only grow in a barren soil.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS M. D., Professor in the University College, London, Eng., Examiner in the Royal College of Surgeons, calls attention to the fact that headache, dizziness, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, derangements of the digestive organs, are common symptoms of kidney disease. Warner's Safe Cure cures these symptoms by removing the cause and putting the kidneys in a healthy condition.

Scientific and Useful.

BANKS.—French engineers are utilizing the poppy to strengthen railroad embankments. The roots of the plants form a network that cannot be exterminated without great difficulty, and are therefore admirable for the purpose named.

IN A MINUTE.—Russian officials have tested and reported favorably upon a Russian invention for applying the revolver principle to the barrels of Berdan rifles. It is said that by this arrangement a machine gun is obtained which will fire 480 shots a minute.

FOR DWELLINGS.—The use of corrugated iron for dwelling houses is now recommended, it being urged that they would be much cheaper than houses of brick or stone. Being lined with wood, they would necessarily be warm in Winter, and to have them cool in Summer, the plan of the well-known Indian bungalow is suggested.

THE BURGLAR.—Electric connection, or sounding an alarm in case of an attempt to open a safe, is already old. But here is an extension of the idea, lately perfected: Not only is the alarm sounded as soon as a drill or a false key is set at work on the safe, but an electric lamp is lighted and a photograph apparatus is brought into play and seizes the features of the burglars.

SAVING GAS.—A new gas utiliser is a little contrivance which can be fitted on to any fish-tail burner. It consists of a spoon-shaped piece of nickel, which is so hinged on to a clamp which embraces the burner that it can be made to impinge on the flame in a certain direction. This causes the flame to spread out, and to give a greatly increased light with the same quantity of gas. We attribute the result to the change of shape in the flame, and also more perfect combustion brought about by the agency of the heated metal disc.

TRANSFERRING PRINTS.—The *National Druggist* gives the following to transfer prints to glass: First coat the glass with damar varnish or Canada balsam dissolved in an equal volume of turpentine and let it dry till it is very sticky, which takes a half a day or more. The printed paper to be transferred should be well soaked in soft water and carefully laid upon the prepared glass, after removing the surplus water with blotting-paper pressed upon it so that no air bubbles or drops of water are seen underneath. This should dry a whole day before it is touched: then with wetted fingers begin to rub off the paper at the back.

Farm and Garden.

THE COLT.—An abandoned well, half covered ditch, or even a snag, may cause injury to a colt in the pasture that damages it a hundred or more dollars.

BIRDS.—Have a box for martins and wrens in order that they may assist in killing the insects. If sparrows are troublesome in preventing other birds from building near the house make war on them.

ASHES.—It is estimated that every bushel of hardwood ashes is worth at least 25 cents, and they therefore practically remunerate for the cost of the wood. The ashes should be stored in a dry place covered, as they draw moisture from the atmosphere.

STOCK.—The work of inducing the farmers to discard common stock, and grade up by the use of pure-bred males, has been in progress for half a century or more and yet the farms are filled with common stock. It is satisfactory to progressive farmers that they have improved, however and they do not again resort to the inferior kinds.

DIGESTION.—The digestive powers of animals differ. To allow a certain quantity of food to each cow, treating every cow in the heard alike, may result in an insufficient quantity for some and too much food for others. The individual characteristics are to be considered, and each animal fed according to her requirements and the product expected.

SHEEP.—It is a waste of time and labor to attempt to keep sheep on wet land. They should be pastured on the dry lands of the farm and given shelter, as dampness is more injurious to them than cold. Many failures with sheep are due to neglect in properly protecting them against storms, as they are subject to many diseases, and quickly succumb thereto.

HORSES.—Never wash a horse with cold water when he is heated. Feed your horse three times daily, but never overfeed. Water before feeding, but not while the horse is hot from work. Use the whip very little, and never when the animal shies or stumbles. Never leave a horse standing unhitched. It is the way to make them runaways. Do not storm and fret. Be quiet and kind, and the horse will be so too, in most cases. Give the horse a large stall and a good bed at night. It is important that he lie down to rest. Do not expect your horse to be equally good at everything. The horse, like the man, must be adapted to his work.

ALL competent authorities say Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own, but presents the symptoms of other affections. Warner's Safe Cure is universally recognized as a specific for Bright's Disease. That is why it cures so many other diseases, which are caused by kidney affection. It restores the kidneys to healthy action.

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Of Patience.

"All things come to him who can wait," says the proverb. And indeed there can hardly be a better test of a man's general capacity than his powers of waiting.

Just self-appreciation, ability to judge one's own worth, are wrapt up in it; and no end of traits besides, as self control and will.

For it is not to be assumed for a moment that the proverb means a mere listless standing idle—that would be nonsense—but rather educated self-dependence, which can go along quietly in the faith of justice, and wait for a due recognition being in good time accorded to work well done; and if the latter never comes, there is the satisfaction of having done the work well.

There is another saying which quaintly puts the same truth: "Time and patience change the mulberry leaf to satin;" and yet another which, for quaintness and beauty, may well be put alongside it: "At the bottom of patience there is heaven."

On no point are great writers more at one than on this, and their deliverances might be regarded as sermons on the texts of proverbs that are to be found amongst all peoples—savage as well as civilized—in praise of the virtue of patience.

Patience is a kind of passive courage. More true courage, indeed, is shown in it than by the heroes of great military achievements, for they always have the accompaniments of excitement and sympathy.

Patience is more especially a virtue of women than of men, and what gracious heroines, martyrs, saints may they not become by the practice of it.

This is the view of our great dramatists; of Shakespeare in particular, whose grandest heroines exhibit the quality in the most effective circumstances.

The tendency of men is to expect the immediate results of their work and effort; women, both from their education and their constitution, are less exacting as regards outward results. They rest more on the satisfaction of work duly done.

"To know how to wait," says a wise writer, "is the great secret of success."

Sir Walter Scott was especially good in praise of patience, as though it was a virtue he had himself often put to the test.

"Do not let your impatience mar the web of your prudence," he makes one of his characters say to another.

Longfellow, like Sir Walter, seems to have felt himself indebted to patience. Not only in his poems, but in his prose writings, he magnifies it.

In "Hyperion" we have this admirable piece of eloquence:

"After all," continued Fleming, "perhaps the greatest lesson which can be taught us is told in a single word—Wait! Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful.

"We seem to live in the midst of a battle—there is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say—Come! But the voices of the past say—Wait!

"With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against opposition or public opinion, and push back the hurrying stream.

"Therefore should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. . . . Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do."

In Douglas Jerrold's "Hermit" we have this fine parable:

"Patience!—why, patience wanted a nightingale; patience waited, and the egg sang."

Franklin, who was a practical man, says: "By diligence and patience the mouse cut in two the cable."

THERE are two ways of being happy—we may either diminish our wants or augment our means. Either will do, the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest. If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, or young, or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.

WANT of compassion (however inaccurate observers have reported to the contrary) is not to be numbered among the general faults of mankind. The black ingredient which fouls our disposition is envy. Hence our eyes, it is to be feared, are seldom turned up to those who are manifestly greater, better, wiser, or happier than ourselves, without some degree of malignity, while we commonly look downward on the mean and miserable with sufficient benevolence and pity.

As there is no worldly gain without some loss, so there is no worldly loss without some gain. If thou hast lost thy wealth, thou hast lost some trouble with it; if thou art degraded from thy honor, thou art likewise freed from the stroke of envy; if sickness hath blurred thy beauty, it hath delivered thee from pride. Set the allowance against the loss, and thou shalt find no loss great; he loses little or nothing that reserves himself.

MARRIAGE has in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity; and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches and heaven itself.

IN vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

PEOPLE of gloomy, uncheerful imaginations, or of envious, malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words and actions. As the finest wines have often the taste of the soil, so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular from the constitution of the mind in which they arise.

EACH truth sparkles with a light of its own, yet it always reflects some light upon another; a truth, while lighting another, springs from one, in order to penetrate another. The first truth is an abundant sense, from which all others are colored, and each particular truth, in its turn, resembles a great river that divides into an infinite number of rivulets.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment have, in that action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives.

WE should not be too hasty in bestowing either our praise or censure on mankind, since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character that it may require a very accurate judgment and a very elaborate inquiry to determine on which side the balance turns.

MANY confess that they are proud; some will even confess that they are vain; some will sigh frankly over their passionate tempers; and others again will admit that they are of careless dispositions. But who tells, who confesses how mean they are, or how sly, or how envious?

A GOOD character is, in all cases, the fruit of personal exertion. It is not inherited from parents, it is not created by external advantages, it is no necessary appendage of birth, wealth, talents or station; but it is the result of one's own endeavors.

A MAN'S character is the reality of himself; his reputation, the opinion others have formed about him. Character resides in him, reputation in other people; that is the substance, this is the shadow.

THE effusions of genius are entitled to admiration rather than applause, as they are chiefly the effect of natural endowment, and sometimes appear to be almost involuntary.

ALL my experience of the world teaches me that in ninety nine cases out of a hundred the safe side and the just side of a question is the generous side and the merciful side.

EVERY man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so, because they are the very ones he needs.

WHATEVER difference may appear in the fortunes of mankind, there is, nevertheless, a certain compensation of good and evil which makes them equal.

AN eagerness and zeal for dispute on every subject, and with every one, shows great self-sufficiency, that never-failing sign of great self-ignorance.

IF we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.

WE can offer up much in the large, but to make sacrifices in little things is what we are seldom equal to.

WE fancy we suffer from ingratitude, while in reality we suffer from self-love.

The World's Happenings.

Mystic, Conn., boasts of a singing rat.

The car-coupler killed 6,000 Americans in 1888.

The women in England exceed the men by 3,000,000.

The Governor of Michigan's salary is only $1,000 per annum.

There are 8,000 women in charge of postoffices in the United States.

A young colored girl, from Georgia, has gone to Congo as a missionary.

A certain mule of Honey Grove, Texas, is just 2 inches taller than a 6-foot man.

The oldest city in the world, Damascus, is about to have street cars and gas lamps.

A New York evening paper came out in green in its last edition on St. Patrick's day.

Near Pensacola, Fla., a head of cabbage was grown which measured 28 inches in diameter.

Fully 200 persons in Fairfield county, Conn., are engaged in trapping skunks for their skins.

Cocaine is now about $6 75 or $7 an ounce. When it first came out it was $300 or $400 an ounce.

One out of every four male adult residents of Portland, Me., belongs to the Odd Fellows, it is said.

A hard-up Georgian endeavored to raise money at Americus the other day by mortgaging a 23-year-old mule.

A Providence newsboy, who returned a $5 gold piece given him in mistake for a cent, was rewarded with a nickel.

Roswell Beardsley, now 90, is the "oldest office-holder." He has been postmaster at Lansing, N. Y., for 63 years.

Some women in England make good salaries by manufacturing the dainty silk and lace lamp shades now so popular.

It is estimated that there are 365 colleges in the United States, 4681 institutions of learning, and 63,713 students in them.

James P. Keane, of San Leandro, Cal., kicked at a cur, missed it, hit a post, was taken with spasms of the heart, and was dead in a few hours.

In Prohibition Maine a woman, dressed in a full suit of soldier's clothes, has been caught peddling liquor from her basket to the inmates of the Soldiers' Home at Togus.

A hint that the silly season is coming around is given in the story from Youngstown, Ohio, that a turtle which disappeared last July has been found alive in the craw of a chicken.

Frankie Hyatt, aged 8 years, of Washington, Ind., has a penchant for running away and traveling to other cities, and he manages to do it without a cent in his pocket.

One Dr. Terc, in England, is advocating the sting of bees as a remedy for rheumatism. He declares that he has treated with success 173 cases, and has given in all 20,000 stings.

It's early yet for rope jumping, but, nevertheless, a death from overindulgence in the pastime has occurred. The victim was an Indianapolis girl, who "kept up to 238," as the children put it.

In the recent village election at Two Harbors, Minn., the vote for T. A. Bury and Nels Sutherland, for recorder, resulted in a tie, whereupon the candidates flipped pennies for the position; the former winning.

Mr. Waterman, an inmate of Lorensberg, Kansas, jail, acknowledges the theft of 100 horses in Kansas alone, and the authorities of the State are willing to admit that he has made off with five times that many.

William Vern, of Centreville, had both legs cut off recently in a singular manner at Elizabethport, N. J. While standing in an empty coal car the bottom suddenly opened, dropping him under the train, the wheels of which passed over his legs.

An Indiana citizen, though he made his living from the sale of drugs, always refused medical advice, and even in his last sickness would not consent to see a doctor. Friends finally insisted on calling in a physician, who found the sufferer pulseless and dying.

A peculiar accident happened to Wm. Fisher, a Lima, Ohio, youth. He was standing under a street lamp, when the glass broke. He looked upward to see what was the matter, when a large fragment of glass hit him in the eye, cutting the ball nearly in two.

An exchange tells of a family carriage horse which became melancholy through being separated from its owner, who went off on a long trip for his health, and rapidly lost flesh. Skilled veterinarians were called in, but the old animal continued to pine away and died before its master returned.

A peculiar accident was met with lately by Oliver Tucker, whose home is at Eldersville, this State. He was climbing a tree, when it split, allowing him to drop into the opening, which closed upon him, crushing him terribly. One of his eyes was squeezed from its socket. At last accounts the man was living, but in a critical condition.

The extremely cold weather proved of unique service to a North Dakota jailer, who, being unable to quiet his prisoners of an evening, extinguished the fires and opened all the windows. After shivering for a while, the men ceased singing and shouting, whereupon their quarters were again made comfortable.

A resident of Martin's Ferry, Ohio, has two small boys and one big dog, a Newfoundland, their constant companion. The other day the boys got to fighting, and the smaller was getting the worst of it, when the dog, who had been an uneasy observer of the proceedings, rushed between the lads, separated them by main force, and then dragged the larger boy away, without hurting him in the least or showing a particle of ill temper.

WATCHING.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

I am watching at the windows,
  Impatiently—in vain—
For the letter I'm awaiting,
  That is coming thro' the rain.

I hear the postman's cheering call—
  Although he's blocks away—
And all the moments, as they pass,
  Seem every one a day.

And so, dreamily, I wonder
  If other hungry hearts
Are waiting, watching eagerly,
  For their budget of Love's darts.

And if they'll half as happy be
  As I shall be with mine,
That fills my soul with ecstacy
  Of blissful joy divine!

Too Late.

BY E. M. HENRY.

EVERYBODY said he was a queer fellow, though I never could see it; but perhaps I was hardly an impartial judge of Dick Prendergast's qualities, for he and I were cousins and bore the same name—nay, more, we were sworn friends.

Certainly, he was always given to what I called romancing. He had an insatiate love for ancient lore.

He was forever poring over some musty old book on magic, or trying to decipher the signs and hieroglyphics on old manuscripts, picked up goodness knows where.

He was learned in the astrologer's art, and in sundry bygone theories about spirits, but that he believed in this—let us call it nonsense—never entered my head.

It was simply a "fad," indulged in because he had no profession, the result of finding himself comfortably provided for without the necessity to work.

Many a night I have known him to sit up to try some ridiculous experiment, which was to bring about an equally ridiculous and impossible result, and the next day he would laugh as heartily as anyone over his failure.

Still his "fad" was necessary. It was in some sense an occupation. Wherever he went he took his books and parchments and chemicals with him, and they were continually increasing, for Dick Prendergast was a terrible rover, and at each new place he went to he was sure to pick up something to add to his store.

But a time came when he forgot his mystic experiments and hieroglyphics for a while—forgot everything, in fact, except love. He was enslaved—entranced—by a beautiful Italian girl whom he had met during his wanderings.

I hadn't heard from him for nearly a year, and my surprise was great when at length I received a letter from him, describing in a sort of rhapsody the charms of Marietta, for so was his inamorata called, and concluding with the—to me—astounding intelligence that he intended to marry her at once, and come back to settle down.

Settle down? I laughed outright at the bare idea of this rover, this dreamer, settling down like every other man who marries. In less than three months, however, it was a fact accomplished.

Dick and his Italian Italian bride were actually located in a house at Richmond. I went to see them now and again, whenever my business allowed of it; and on the whole I thought Dick's choice had been a wise one. Marietta was charming in every sense of the word. A true Italian, with dark hair and liquid eyes, and a face that might have belonged to a beautiful young Madonna. She was bright and lively, and had a pretty coaxing manner. I felt sure she was just the companion for Dick. He had really been giving himself up too much to the impossible ideas of a somewhat vivid imagination, and there was no knowing to what length he might have been carried away; but now here was a new absorbing interest—the interest of a beautiful wife. All the energy of his deep nervous nature was turned in a new channel. His whole soul was in his love.

The following year Dick took it into his head to spend the summer months on the coast for the sake of the fishing. He took a pretty little house near the fishing village of Trefarnon, and invited me to pass my month's holiday with him. He and Marietta both gave me a hearty welcome. The latter told me prettily her husband's friends must be her friends also.

I was a little bit curious to find out what result matrimony had had on my old friend. I had learnt nothing during my flying visits to Richmond. Had his love for Marietta been lasting? Had it been deepenough to banish his old fondness for mystic lore. Alas! no. The day I arrived at Trefarnon I was satisfied of this.

"Come into my den, Robert," he said to me after dinner. His "den" was nothing more nor less than a laboratory. There were crucibles and strange instruments and chemicals and note books and manuscripts scattered all about. He laughed as he saw my look of surprise.

"Dear old boy, you thought I was going to give it all up? Not a bit of it. I had this room fitted up on purpose to work in. It amuses me, and, besides I am actually going to make something of it. No, you needn't laugh at me. I am getting to the bottom of a secret that all the wise men in Europe would give their eyes to learn."

His eyes flashed and the color rose to his somewhat pale cheeks.

"The clue came to me in a vision one night, and I am working it out. The rest is easy, and I will know it all soon. The stars will tell me when the time comes."

For the first time I realised that he believed in his "fad." Visions and stars! That from a man in the nineteenth century!

It was a case of the man with the seven devils. In the old days he had studied mystic lore simply because it was interesting; not so interesting, however, but that love had made him forget it for a time. Now the old influences were at work again, and in a far greater degree than before.

By-and-by I got him to talk of his wife. Yes, he loved her still, worshipped her. She was to him the one woman on earth. Of Marietta's love for him I was not so sure. She soon gave me to understand that she hated the country.

"It is so cold, so dead," she said in her pretty broken accent.

Poor child! her warm southern blood was chilled. She was pining for her sunny native land, yet she seemed happy enough. She was young—only nineteen, almost a child still, and in a childish fashion she would enjoy herself. She did not sympathise with Dick's love of study.

"He will always read," she complained, "read, read, while the sun shines and the waves dance. He does not love the sun and the waves, he loves only to read."

"He loves you," I ventured to remark.

"Ah! yes," and she cast her eyes down, "he loves me, he says."

But did she love him in return? Dick said she did. He was contented; was not that enough?

One day he and I went out for a day's fishing. It was late in the evening when we returned home; Marietta had gone to bed. After supper I stayed up for a smoke.

Dick was tired and said good-night to me.

Having finished my pipe, I was going upstairs, when suddenly he rushed out of his room, and went swiftly past me down the stairs. His face was white and his eyes were staring wildly.

He took not the smallest notice of me, but vanished into his den.

I stopped to think what it could mean. He had left the bedroom door open. The lamp was lighted. I could see Marietta lying there—I knew by the breathing, asleep.

What had disturbed Dick? Probably some nonsense about visions. I closed the bedroom door so as not to disturb the sleeping girl, and went downstairs again.

There was a light in the laboratory, I could see, by looking under the door. I listened, but heard no sound. Then I went outside and looked through one of the windows.

He had forgotten to close the shutters. I saw him sitting with his head bent on the table. The fingers of one hand were thrust through his hair.

He was evidently in deep distress. Presently he rose and began to pace up and down the room. I grew tired of watching, and as I deemed it wiser to leave him undisturbed, I went in for the night, resolving to keep a look-out on the morrow.

At breakfast Marietta inquired why he had remained up all night.

He made some excuse about an experiment, but for all the cool way in which he answered her, I noticed a dangerous flash in his eyes as they rested on her. It must have been something about his wife that had annoyed him, I thought.

I spent most of my time exploring the neighborhood, rounds bout Trefarnon, so I had little chance of finding out anything further which might explain Dick's conduct.

Occasionally he accompanied me on my rambles, but more often he excused himself on the plea of business.

Outwardly, at least, all went smoothly between him and Marietta. He was as devoted as ever.

One morning as I was climbing a somewhat steep rock I slipped and fell, spraining my ankle slightly, so that afternoon I was obliged to remain quietly indoors. I was sitting by the open window in the little sitting-room half asleep in an easy chair, when I heard a slight rustle outside.

I looked up. It was Marietta hurrying along the path that led to the sea. What a pretty graceful figure she was as she tripped by in the sunlight! Once she stopped to pluck a flower and glanced back at the house.

I waved my hand to her, but she did not see me, and went on her way. In a few minutes she was lost to sight round the cliffs. Then another figure appeared. This time it was Dick. He passed quite close to the window.

"Hullo!" I said, "where are you off to?"

His eyes were fixed on the ground; he was so pre-occupied as not to hear me. He went in the same direction as Marietta.

He was following her, was the idea that instantly struck me.

In about an hour Marietta returned and came and sat with me. I asked her if she had met her husband. She said she did not even know he was out.

I told her he had gone towards the sea just after her, at which piece of information the flush on her cheek became a little deeper.

Dick did not make his appearance again that afternoon—in fact, I only discovered he was in the house when I went into his sanctum just before dinner to fetch a book I had left there in the morning.

He did not hear me enter. I put my hand on his shoulder.

"You shut yourself up too much, Dick. Can't you leave your visions and spirits for a bit and enjoy the fine weather?"

I said it to see what he would say. A troubled look passed over his features, and he replied in a dazed kind of way,

"Enjoy the fine weather!"

He rose and approached the window as if to satisfy himself that the weather was really fine.

"Yes," he went on, "we must have another good day's fishing soon."

That night he was busy again with his experimnets, as I knew by the rattle of the bottles and jars, and now and again as I passed the door I smelt sundry chemicals.

Marietta and I kept each other company. She sang some pretty Italian songs for me, and seemed altogether in a lively mood. I asked her if she sometimes felt lonely when Dick left her by herself in the evenings.

"Ah! no," she said. "I used to sit in his room and watch."

Then she rose hastily and said she was too tired to sit up, if I would excuse her I retired to my room early also, as my ankle was somewhat painful.

In the middle of the night I was wakened by a crash as of glass breaking. I got out of bed and slipped down the stairs to see if anything was wrong.

Dick had not yet gone to bed, for I heard his voice in the laboratory. Who could be with him at that hour? I put my ear to the door. I could only distinguish one voice. He was talking to himself.

The door was locked, so I called to him more than once, but receiving no answer I went back to bed.

"Did I hear anything fall last night?" I asked him plainly the next day.

"Only a bottle I let fall."

I could not help seeing the wild glitter in his eyes and the suppressed excitement in his whole demeanor.

"You were up too late working, Dick. You will ruin——"

He raised his hand to stop me and smiled.

"Never mind. You mean it for my good. I know: but last night——No, I cannot tell you yet; perchance I may before the day is past it—if Fate wills it so," he ended solemnly, and left the room.

I then appealed to Marietta to try to put an end to this, as I told her it would ruin Dick's health, but failed to impress her in the slightest. I could not quite make out her manner.

Her thoughts appeared to be far away when I spoke, and she answered incoherently.

A spirit of restlessness seemed to have taken possession of her that day. She went in and out of the house and from room to room with no object. Dick watched her every movement.

Once when he thought I was out of earshot I heard him mutter, "To night, to-night!" Was anything going to happen? I would be on the alert.

"Aren't you going to fish to-day?" asked Marietta at luncheon. The tone of her voice suggested that she hoped we were. I looked at Dick.

"Oh, I forgot, Robert. I have to go into the village to see about the delivery of some parcels from London. You had better take the punt and try and amuse yourself."

There was a frown on his face as he spoke, but he did not look up.

"Never mind me. My ankle is not quite well yet, so I'll stay in the garden and smoke."

My ankle was perfectly well, but I was determined to stay about the house on the chance of finding out if anything more than usual was going to occur.

Accordingly I located myself in a little arbor at the end of the garden, from which I could see if anyone went in or out of the house.

The first person I saw was Rose, the maid-of-all-work, coming quickly down the garden path, seemingly in the best of humors.

"Well, Rose," I called out to her, "going to meet your sweetheart?"

She grew red all over, and replied, in a broad Cornish accent, the peculiarities of which I do not know sufficiently to write down,

"No, sir; I'm going home. The master has allowed me a holiday."

"Where is your mistress?"

"She has a headache, and is lying down, the master says."

Two unusual events to begin with, I thought; a holiday granted to Rose, and Marietta lying down.

A few minutes later Dick emerged from the front door, and went quickly down the path that led to the sea. He was gone on his business to the village, though he had certainly taken the most roundabout way of reaching it; but no doubt he liked the walk.

Marietta's headache puzzled me somewhat. Scarce an hour before I had seen her and she had never mentioned it; on the contrary, she announced her intention of going out to sketch. Clearly the headache was an excuse.

I sauntered round to the front of the house. She was not to be seen anywhere. The laboratory was locked and the shutters closed; that struck me as being odd. The blinds in Marietta's room were also drawn down, so I came to the conclusion that she really had a headache, and I was imagining things for no reason at all.

Well, I must stay near the house, as it would hardly be right to leave her alone in it. I took a novel and sat down on a garden-chair just outside the porch.

The air was particularly sultry that day; not a breath stirred the trees or raised a ripple on the sea.

Birds and bees seem to have vanished; there was not a sound anywhere to break the silence. It was the dead calm that precedes a storm in summer.

About four o'clock I was startled by some big rain-drops that fell on the page of my book. The air became suddenly thick and dark. I rose and turned indoors; just as I got into the hall I heard in the distance the report of a gun. It frightened me—I don't know why. I went half out of the door again and listened.

The ominous roll of the first far-off peal of thunder was all I heard now. The storm had begun, and ere long was raging furiously; the lightning flashed, and the rain poured down in torrents from the great heavy, driving clouds. The air was black with it.

Every now and then the thunder shook the house to its very foundations, and caused the furniture to rattle. Suddenly I remembered poor Marietta; perhaps she was frightened, lying all alone.

I went to her door and knocked gently; there was no answer. I called; again no answer. Had anything happened to her? Timidly I ventured to turn the handle of the door; it was locked. I repeated my call, but it was useless.

Concluding that she must have fallen asleep, I returned to the sitting-room. Hurrying towards the house I espied Dick. As he drew nearer I saw that something was amiss. I went to the door to meet him.

"Afraid of the storm, old boy?"

His face was blanched, and his eyes were starting out of their sockets. He went straight past me into the sitting-room, and sank into the nearest chair.

"I have done it," he whispered hoarsely, and at the same time took something out of his pocket and laid it on the table. It was a revolver. I felt a shudder pass through me. Instantly I thought of Marietta.

"Done what?"

"Killed him—her lover," he hissed.

Had he taken leave of his senses? I stared at him, now thoroughly alarmed; I felt as though I could not speak. He looked up at me quietly.

"Sit down, Robert; I will tell you all,"

said he softly. "You remember that day we went fishing, about a week ago—the day we were out so late?"

I nodded.

"Well, that night I first found it out. When I went to her room, she was asleep. She looked so beautiful as she lay there, her dark hair streaming over the pillow, her dark lashes lying like a fringe on her cheek. Her hand was clasping a little cross I had given her; it was my first gift, and she always wore it round her neck.

I stood watching her for a whilst then, as I bent down to kiss her, she moved her hand away. I caught sight of a gleaming something—not my cross, but a heart set with diamonds! Where had she got it? It was valuable, I saw at a glance.

All at once it came upon me that it must be another's gift. I rushed out of the room to get away from the sight of her whom I loved more than life. I passed you as I came down the stairs——"

"I remember," I interrupted.

He sighed heavily.

"God help me! I blamed you, but only for a short while, for next day I watched her and learnt the truth. I followed her. She met him there among the rocks about half a mile off; I saw her yield to his embrace—my wife, whom I deemed all mine. Oh, it was hard to keep from killing him on the spot; but she was there, and I must spare her, so resolved to wait."

"Who was he?" I asked.

"A countryman of hers; some old love, I daresay. He passed as an artist in the village. An artist? a devil!" He laughed a low, bitter laugh.

"Day after day have I watched them meet. I found a hiding-place where I could hear the words they spoke and remain myself unseen. Yesterday—what an age it seems since then!—I heard them settle it. They were to meet to-day for the last time. To-night she was to have lain in his arms. Poor child! She had listened to his honeyed words, and she saw no sin; but I have saved her. I have killed him."

"How?"

"Fairly—as a gentleman. I gave him the choice of pistols."

"And she?" I hurriedly asked.

A strange expression came over his face: he smiled at me.

"She is safe in her own room. I love her yet, Robert, and I have saved her. I told you if Fate willed it you should hear what happened last night; I am spared to tell it, and you are my only friend. At dead of night I thought to learn from the stars what would be the issue of this matter; but I was destined to learn something else.

"All at once the room became filled with a dense blue vapor, so dense that I could not see my hand when I held it before me. I heard a sound as of a distant rushing, which came nearer and nearer till it was beside me; then something was dropped on the table; the mist began to clear away and the sound ceased.

"I saw it there before me—a little parchment roll covered with signs, a message from the spirits of my life. Eagerly I snatched it up and deciphered the signs.

"It told of a spell to entrance a mortal for twelve hours, at the end of which time death would ensue unless a second spell were worked.

"The directions for the second spell were there also; both were easy to work. I was to use the first to entrance her, my love, to save her from sin and destruction. If I survived the duel, then with the second I was to restore her to life, but if I were slain, then never would that man have power over her more, for death would unite her to me.

"Now, she is mine; she shall live."

For the first time it dawned on me that poor Dick was insane. He actually believed in supernatural power; he had become a slave to his own fancies.

The story he told me was too wild to be probable; yet it was not without a feeling of dread lest there should lurk truth in it that I asked where Marietta was.

He rose and beckoned to me.

"Come; the spirits must be obeyed."

I followed in silence up the stairs.

When we reached the bedroom door he took the key out of his pocket and opened it with trembling hands. I stood rooted to the threshold. On the bed lay Marietta, with closed eyes and colorless cheeks, perfectly motionless.

That much of his story was true. Yet I doubted if it was indeed only a trance. He kissed her pale lips again and again.

"Saved!" he whispered. "Saved, my own!"

"For God's sake," I cried at last, "put an end to this. Restore her to life if you can. How do you know she is not dead?"

"Dead? No. I have it downstairs in a drawer—the spirit's writing. I will go for it now."

He left the room. I followed him to the laboratory. He went to a drawer and opened it.

"Gone!"

He turned on me a countenance on which was depicted an awful fear. Gone! In that one word I heard the most agonized human cry it had ever been my lot to hear. He sank on his knees, trembling from head to foot.

"It was there when I went out. Stay. Was any one in this room during my absence?"

He looked at me with a kind of hope.

"No one. The door was locked."

The gleam of hope faded; he wrung his hands and groaned. "They have taken it to punish me for shedding blood; and now she must die too—my love, my life!"

"It may be elsewhere in the room," I suggested.

"No. It is not on the face of the earth, and death is inevitable."

"Something else might restore her."

"Nothing else. It is the work of the fiends, and against it human skill is of no avail. At daybreak, to-morrow, she will die."

We went back, sorrowfully, to her chamber. He sat down and bent his head on his hands. I tried every means in my power to restore consciousness to Marietta, but all my efforts were unavailing. I almost doubted if she lived; so stiff, so cold, she lay.

It was night ere I, too, sat down to watch by the bedside. There was one hope. The trance was only to last twelve hours; perhaps then she would waken to life after all. Hour after hour we waited as the night wore slowly on. Dick remained perfectly still and silent, his head bent down.

A soft wind rustling in the trees warned us of the approach of dawn. The time was drawing nigh. As the first, faint pink streak appeared on the distant horizon, Dick rose and bent anxiously over the corpse-like form.

"Look," he said, and his voice had a hollow, far-off sound: All at once the closed eyelids twitched and the little cold hands moved; the lips parted for a moment and a soft sigh came fluttering from between them. Then a change, indescribable, impalpable, passed over the features, and all was over. The figure lay still once more, but it was not the same stillness as before; now it was the stillness of death.

When I had recovered myself sufficiently to look at Dick I saw that he had given way under the terrible strain, and was in a swoon. I raised him gently. As I did so I perceived streaks of grey in his hair. I realized, then, how intense must have been his agony during those few hours of watching.

Ere night fell again he was raving in a state of high fever. I summoned nurses and doctors from London, but in a few days we knew that the end was near.

One evening I sat by the window in his room. All day long he had lain in a kind of stupor. He was too weak to rave now. The time for that had passed. The twilight shadows were beginning to fall. I watched the varying tints of the sea as the rosy sunset light melted gradually away.

"There it is!" I started and turned round. He was sitting bolt upright in the bed, looking eagerly before him.

"What is it, Dick?"

"The spirit's writing that I lost. There it is, coming towards me!"

I followed the direction of his eyes, but perceived nothing.

"Yes, I can read the signs. That alone would have saved her. Here he stretched out his hands as if to receive something. His voice grew faint and choked. "It is—in my grasp now—but—too late!"

He fell back with a long sigh. He was dead.

I do not attempt to give any explanation of the above strange occurrences. Whether they were due to supernatural effects or not is a question which I will not venture to answer. I have my own theories about the matter, but prefer that they should remain my own. Dick's story of the spirit's message appears wholly absurd to a well-balanced mind, yet it is an indisputable fact that I saw Marietta in the trance.

Bud.

BY A. S. P.

COME, come, my poor girl—Mrs. Cox I mean—bear up. You mustn't give way like this, you know, for his sake, you know, for his sake."

"Yes, Tom, I will—I shall be better directly; but, oh, my poor boy! my darling boy! Oh, doctor, it will kill me!"

"Hush! he will hear you. Be calm. You would have the truth—and after all, I don't know that it would have been any kindness to deceive you. There, that's better. I knew you would try to bear it, and put your own feelings aside for the present. Now I have something more to say before I go, if you're attending."

"Yes, Tom, I am."

"Well, in the first place, you must not go and cry and make a scene before him. You must not agitate him in any way. You understand?"

"Yes, doctor."

"And, secondly, you must gratify his every wish. Set an mind perfectly at ease. Don't let him worry. The mind acts more on the body than any of us realize, in his case especially. Make him happy, increase his will to live, and you may possibly keep him with you a month yet, perhaps even more. There now, my dear, you have your work cut out. Set your wits to work to find out everything that would please him, every desire he may have."

Mrs. Cox dried her eyes hastily and looked up.

"But, Tom, suppose he has a wish that it is impossible to gratify!"

"Impossible! What, when his life is in question? My dear girl, I should have thought nothing would be impossible for a mother in such a case as that."

Mrs. Cox, a pretty, young-looking widow of forty, looked at the doctor eagerly, as though he had given her a new idea. Then, suddenly laying her hand on his arm, she said, in a trembling, excited voice:

"Tom, you have always been so true a friend to me that I will confide in you. I have set my wits to work—I do know what would make my darling happy! He is in love."

"Thought as much," said the doctor, shortly.

"And the girl has no idea of it, and does not care for him in the least. It was not that which brought on the illness; but now that is so reduced and low it is that which has taken all the spirit out of him, and prevents him from even caring to get well."

"Silly boy! As though any woman on earth were worth dying for! Why, if I had been as weak-minded as that I should have died outright when you married Cox! But what did I do? Consoled myself by marrying poor Emily, of course. Sentimental young idiot!"

"Don't abuse him, doctor," said the widow, tearfully. I have no one to counsel me but you. Advise me what to do. How can I set his mind at rest in such a case as this?"

The doctor pondered deeply, while the widow sat intently watching his face, hopeful for some solution of her difficulty. At last he spoke:

"Women are very tender-hearted," he said.

She waited breathlessly.

"Go to the young lady—tell her the state of affairs, and appeal to her to help you. Surely between you, you could contrive something. Get her to come here and see him, and let him enjoy the sight of her for the short live he has to live. I think almost any girl would have enough pity for you to do that. I would go and talk to her myself; but I think, probably, you would be much more likely to succeed."

Mrs. Cox had started to her feet, with a faint warmth of hope glowing through her wan, tear-stained face.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, clasping her hands, "do you really think that that would keep him here longer? I see you do. I will go now—at once! Yes, it is better that I should go myself. If she were made of stone I would melt her so that she would come. But she is gentle and kind, and I am certain she will be glad to help me. Couldn't you spare time just to go and sit and talk to him while I go? Thank you. How good you are to me, Tom! I can't think what I should do without you!"

"You know I am never happier than when I can be of any use to you, my poor girl."

She had given him both hands, and they stood so for a minute, looking into each other's eyes.

"I suppose you guess who it is that he loves, doctor?" then said the widow, softly. "It is your Bud."

"What!"

And he dropped her hands and started back, staring at her with something like horror.

Mrs. Cox also looked startled.

"My Bud!" he said, after a minute, more gently. "My dear Mrs. Cox, that alters the case."

She gazed at him in dismay.

"Of course," he added, "I never dreamed—oh! it's quite impossible. I think you must be mistaken. At any rate, you can't ask it of Bud. She wouldn't do it for one thing; and I couldn't let her, for another."

A change was coming over Mrs. Cox. The color came into her face, her eyes grew bright and angry, and she drew herself up very erect, with her head a little thrown back.

"So, what is right for anybody else's daughter will not do for yours!" she said, in low, clear tones. "How unutterably selfish men are, even the best of them! Yes, she will do it; and you will let her."

"But, my dear Mary, consider! Bud doesn't care a fig for Dudley. She is scrupulously sincere, and will certainly refuse to enter into the most innocent deception possible. Besides, she is in a miserable, low, nervous state of health herself, and I cannot have her bothered."

"And so, then," she said, drawing nearer, and looking him steadily in the face, "my boy may die to-morrow to save your girl from being bothered!"

The doctor moved uneasily, and avoided her eyes.

For a minute or two there was a dead silence.

"Oh! well," he said at last, irritably, "have it your own way—for goodness sake, have it your own way; you always do."

And he picked up his hat and stick, and left the room.

"Yes, I will come."

The words were spoken by a young girl of about twenty, with a pale face, set off by soft, loosely curling brown hair. One hand lay in that of Mrs. Cox, while the other twitched nervously at the little apron she wore. Her eyelids were tinged with red, and showed that she had been crying, and her under lip still quivered.

The widow suddenly caught her to her breast, and kissed her passionately again and again. She was too much agitated to say another word, but there was no mistake about the intensity of her gratitude.

Then, releasing her, she drew down her veil and passed out.

When the bang of the front door, which she had closed after herself, told Mrs. Cox was gone, Bud slipped to the ground as though she had no force left in her limbs, and dropped her head on her folded arms on the seat of a low chair.

In that position she half sat, half lay, for an hour or more.

At last she roused herself, and sat up, her hands going up, almost unconsciously, to readjust the pins in the coils of brown hair which were loosened from their position on the top of her head.

"What is the matter with me?" she asked herself. "I knew he was ill before. That is nothing new. I am not unhappy! I am glad—intensely glad. He loves me! He loves me! And I am to delude him into the belief that I love him. I will not believe that he is going to—to—leave us. Oh, Dudley, you love me!—you love me, after all! How blind I have been! How blind you are! How blind everybody is, all round!"

As a sharp double knock announced the doctor's return, she started to her feet and ran up to her room, to remove as far as possible all traces of emotion before they should meet at lunch. But she had scarcely finished bathing her eyes when he tapped at her bedroom door.

"Come out, Bud. I want to speak to you."

She obeyed, with a brave attempt to look as though there was nothing the matter.

"Mrs. Cox has been here?"

"Yes, papa."

"Have you promised what she wanted?"

She nodded.

Her father gave a little exclamation of annoyance.

"I hoped you would have been too scrupulous to lend yourself to such a fraud," he said. "However, the poor woman was half-frantic, and I have no doubt it would be very hard to resist her. Are you sure you are strong enough for such a task, Bud, my girl? Say one word—if you only half repent, I will forbid your going, and then you can't help yourself, you know."

"I am as strong as a horse," she said, eagerly. "Oh, no, I don't repent. I have promised, and I could not break my word."

"I don't half like it," grumbled the doctor. "I wish to goodness it had been anybody else. Well, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have made the poor boy's last few weeks happier, won't you?"

No answer. Bud could not have made an articulate sound if her life had depended on it.

"Bud," he said, directly after, "how should you like to have Mrs. Cox for a mother-in-law?"

She knew he meant "step-mother," but the question struck oddly on her ear. A queer little sound, between a laugh and a sob, escaped her.

"I should like it very much," she contrived to answer.

"Humph!" said the doctor, turning away. "She will be very lonely when the poor lad's gone! Bud, I'm hungry; what is there for lunch?"

"Cold lamb and mint-sauce," the girl gasped out, and then retreated into her room once more, to throw herself on the bed in an agony of tears.

But Bud had a good deal of courage, and by dint of repeating to herself at intervals, "He loves me!" she contrived to recover from her agitation sufficiently to appear at luncheon with at least external composure.

In the afternoon the doctor was called away so suddenly that he had not time to speak to her again about her intentions, for which she was rather thankful. She went to her room then, and as a first proceeding changed her dress, putting on the one in which she felt that she looked her best. Then her front hair required a few touches, before she put on her hat and jacket.

"I wish I didn't look such a ghost!" she said, inspecting herself when she was ready. She was in no hurry to start, not being certain enough of herself, for every now and then, when she was quite calm and composed, some sudden thought would make her features twitch and contract, and her eyes swim.

At last, trusting to the quick walk in the open air to brace her up and give her the necessary strength, before she should arrive at her destination, she set off.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Cox was sitting with her son, and behaving in a very hypocritical manner, for her love for him was stronger than her love for sincerity.

"I want something new to read to you," she said. "We have positively nothing else in the house. I have asked the doctor to lend us Ruskin's 'Eagle's Nest,' and I hoped Bud would bring it round in the course of the day. Perhaps she may yet."

Her son was not in bed, in spite of his extremely reduced condition. He was leaning back in a lounge-chair—a thin, painfully thin, figure, with a pale eager face, so worn that he looked more like thirty than his real age, two-and-twenty. As his mother spoke, the blood rushed to his face, and receded, leaving it paler than ever.

"They have forgotten it, perhaps," he said, his voice betraying even more than his appearance how little vitality there was left in him. "Never mind. You must be tired of reading aloud. Talk to me instead."

But as he ceased speaking, a rather uncertain knock made them both start.

The next instant Bud was shown into the room where they were sitting, with the promised book under her arm.

Mrs. Cox kissed and welcomed her, talking rather fast to help her to overcome her embarrassment, and, as in a dream, the girl shook hands with the invalid, and took the chair his mother brought her.

The realization of what she had before only imagined deprived her for a few moments of the power of speech. But love gave her strength, and she soon gathered courage to look him fully in the face.

"I am sorry you are so ill," she said, in sympathetic tones. "I hope now that the warmer weather has set in you will soon get strong again. I have brought you the 'Eagle's Nest,' Mrs. Cox, and we can lend you several more of Ruskin's, if you care to have them."

She blushed for shame as she gave the manufactured excuse for the visit, but Mrs. Cox was quite undisturbed.

"It is very kind of you," she said, "but you can be kinder still, if you will. I read to Dudley so much and so long, that my throat gets rather tired. Won't you take off your things, and stay and read to us a little while?"

"Do," said Dudley, almost with energy.

She complied. Had she not come on purpose?

That was the first time. The next day

she must come and read some more, and the next, and the next. But the terms of the agreement were that she should let him think she cared for him, so, after the fourth day, in saying good-bye, she let her hand lie in his rather longer than necessary, and said, in a low tone:

"Do try to get better."

It was not much to say, but her eyes rested on him softly, with a world of expression in them, and a strange glow came into the young man's face.

"I will," he said, almost inaudibly.

And by the end of the month, instead of dying as he ought to have done, Dudley had made distinct strides on the road to recovery. This was a complication for which the doctor had not bargained, and he saw his daughter placed in a very awkward position.

"You must break away from it by degrees, my girl," he said to Bud. "Go less often to begin with."

"Wait till he is a little better still; he is very weak yet," Bud would answer, whenever he said anything of the kind.

It was a most original, delightful intercourse. They would read books together, and discuss every passage that struck them. Sometimes Mrs Cox would be there; sometimes she would leave them together; and the weeks went on, and strength came insensibly back to the invalid, but still Bud could not make up her mind to bring matters to a climax.

They did not talk of love—that is, not in words. But sometimes words seem unnecessary, and even superfluous.

The doctor grew more and more uneasy. Suppose Bud was too tender-hearted to break away from this "entanglement" which he felt that he had been greatly to blame in permitting! It was very awkward for Bud, he thought, and the young man was really getting on so well, that it was unnecessary to deceive him any longer.

Therefore, after much consideration, he went, when on his rounds one morning, to pay a visit to Dudley Cox.

As for Bud, she was no longer low, dull, and depressed. Her color had returned, and she appeared in better health than she had been for a month. She sang about the house; she made jokes at meal-times to amuse her father, and in short surprised every one with the exuberance of her spirits.

She was ready to start on her usual afternoon visit, and was looking over the books in the library for something good to read, when she was interrupted by the arrival of a note for herself.

It was Dudley's handwriting. He had written notes to her before, on rare occasions, respecting the loan of books or other trifling matters. She opened it with a rising color, and read:

"Dear Bud—Your father has been to see me, to explain to me the origin of the intercourse of these last weeks, which will be a most happy memory to me for the rest of my life. My mother tells me it is quite true that you came here in pity for her and me, in response to her pleadings—when I thought—I cannot tell you what I thought. I scarcely yet know how to bear the disillusioning; but I am grateful to you, and I love you, if possible, more than ever for your pity and sympathy. Do not fear that I shall fall back into my old carelessness as to whether I live or die. You have taught me many lessons in our long talks, and they will remain with me always. Good-bye.

"I feel this is incoherent; but you will forgive me, and I think you know me well enough to understand all that I would say if I could. I am going away, but when I come back I hope you will let all be as it was before—long ago. Again good-bye. Thank you for everything.

"DUDLEY."

Bud read this over two or three times with the blood fading out of her cheeks and the light dying from her eyes.

She did not faint or cry, but sat with it in her hands, staring before her, in a kind of stunned maze. It was all over. He had cut the thread that bound them with his own hand. He had no further need of her, then.

That was all she could realize for the moment, and she felt crushed to the ground. If he had only asked her if she cared for him! But no. He simply dismissed the matter, asking for no answer, nor even proposing to see her again.

The doctor had gone to Mrs. Cox's for the second time that day, but this time the visit was to the mother, not to the son. He had made up his mind, having extricated Bud from her difficulty, to arrange his own affairs without further delay.

They were not difficult to arrange. He took the widow's hand, and looked at her, and somehow that arrange them, and they went together to announce the news to Dudley, who had maps on the table, and was making plans for an extended tour abroad.

The young man received the information very quietly. He could not sympathize in their happiness in his present frame of mind, and was so unresponsive that the doctor felt chilled.

However, he was not too much chilled to stay to dinner and spend the entire evening.

At about nine o'clock Dudley escaped, and wandered out into the night. His steps naturally turned in one particular direction, and he was soon standing at the doctor's gate, looking at the drawn-down blinds of the drawing-room, a light behind them indicating Bud's presence.

How lonely she must be there by herself all this time! He noiselessly opened the gate, stepped across the little patch of turf, and stood close to the window, trying to find a tiny portion of the glass uncovered, so that he could see in.

A very short search showed him one good chink, through which he could obtain a view of the room.

There was Bud, sitting by the table, with her face hidden in her hands.

"Good-bye, my one love," he said, in a whisper. "It was sweet while it lasted. Good-bye."

He was about to turn away, when it struck him that there was something unusually dejected in her attitude. Was she unhappy? And why?

The longer he look, the more convinced he was that something was wrong.

At last, obeying a sudden impulse, he tapped with his knuckles on the pane, when she started and turned round, showing a face wet with tears.

He tapped again. Bud hastily dried her eyes, not knowing she was visible, then approaching, drew up the blind, and threw open the window.

"Who is there?" she asked, almost sharply. "Why, Dudley!"

"Yes—I, is anything the matter?"

He had clasped her hand, and, encouraged by its warm clasp, Bud acted on the promptings of her heart, and laid her other hand also on his.

"Yes," she said. You are going away—and I love you, Dudley."

"Bud!"

THE GUILLOTINE KING.

FEW people have ever seen the public executioner of France, and it is no easy matter to find him, for the police refuse to give his address, and his name is carefully omitted from the directory.

The dreaded "Monsieur de Paris," as he is called by the lower class, is, however, M. Deibler, and he rents a flat on the second floor in a little street half an hour's walk away from the Roquette Prison.

This man, who conducts the ceremonies in which the guillotine plays the most prominent part, is a very quiet person of retiring disposition, who dreads notoriety and avoids contact with his neighbors as much as possible.

There is nothing in the headman's appearance or in his home to denote his office.

After some difficulty, the writer secured the address of M. Deibler, and found that the headsman was not indisposed to tell the details of his unenviable profession.

He could not, however, be induced to exhibit even privately the guillotine, which he referred to as "the machine." He said—

"The machine is ready mounted for use, and I may be summoned off at any moment. I usually get twenty-four hours' notice in Paris and more than double that time for the departments, but I must hold myself constantly in readiness to start off at a moment's notice.

"As a rule, I have to spend at La Roquette the whole night preceding the execution. A great deal has to be done in a very short time. As soon as the two black vans arrive—one containing the 'woods of justice,' and the other destined to convey the body of the culprit to Ivry Cemetery—I have to superintend the installation of the machine, which takes upwards of an hour. The fixing of the knife and of the apparatus itself is an intricate job. There must be no hitch at the last moment.

"The instrument is invariably placed on the five stones just outside the central door of the Roquette Prison. I accepted the post I now hold on the resignation of M. Heindrich, whose valet I had been for several years.

"Until my appointment I was a tailor by trade, and many a working man in the Roquette quarter, where I live, has had his clothes mended by me. But, you see, I have risen in the world. From a mender of old clothes on my account, I have got to be be a first-class cutter in the Government establishment!" and M. Deibler smiled at his rather ghastly joke.

"While I am fixing the machine," continued the headsman, "the Abbe Faure arrives. The Abbe Faure enters La Roquette and gives spiritual comfort to the doomed man. After being left alone with the chaplain for a short time, the culprit is handed over to my assistant, who brings him from his cell down the stone stairway which leads to the depot (the prisoner's last station on earth before reaching the machine) where he is seated on a wooden stool, and his toilet begins. This doesn't take much time, for his head and beard were clipped on entering the prison. The man is pinioned, his shirt stripped off his collar, and he then goes forth to his death by the central door, when he is strapped to the fatal plank which toppling over, brings his neck into the half-circular portion of a ring that I secure before springing the knife. As soon as I touch a button in one of the upright posts, the knife falls, and the head is received in a tin vessel containing sawdust. The body is unstrapped, put into a coffin, with the culprit's head between his legs, and the remains are then driven off to Ivry Cemetery, where they are buried."

"Does life endure any time after the head is severed?"

"No, I think not," the executioner replied, reflectively. "The great loss of blood produces syncope! Besides——"

Here M. Deibler went out of the room and brought in a large black leather box, which he placed on the table. On raising the lid there appeared the bright steel knife of oblique shape, which is fixed to the cross-beam of the guillotine at each execution, and which M. Deibler carefully watches over and cleans at home. He took it out of its soft red lining the other afternoon, stroked it with his hand as if to brush the dust off its highly polished surface, and, turning it over, said:

"There; look at the back of this knife. It is heavily weighted, you see, to make it fall swiftly, and with tremendous force, when I touch the spring. Now, this is the reason why I think all consciousness departs from the brain of a man after the fall of the head. At the same instant that the neck is severed by the blade, the weighty portion strikes so fearful a blow on the occiput that the cheek is often bruised from the fall of the head into the tin vessel containing the sawdust. Yet the head is only raised a few inches above the tin vessel which receives it. Such a blow is, in my opinion, sufficient to drive out any ray of memory, reflection, or real sensibility that may linger, after the decapitation, in the brain of the most obdurate, bull-headed criminal."

"Are you in favor of capital punishment?"

"Such a question should not be put to me. My business is to carry out the sentences of the law, without inquiring whether the law is right or wrong. Custom has not hardened me to such an extent that I am unable to distinguish, however, between one criminal and another. I feel the responsibility of shedding the blood of a fellow creature as acutely now as I did the first time, when the Paris journalists said I had lost my head as well as the man I had executed.

"Nor do I wish to enter into the question of the respective merits of hanging, garroting, or beheading. Whether some more scientific method of giving death will replace the guillotine I cannot say. I think not. Electricity has been suggested, and poisoning by means of prussic acid. The guillotine does its work thoroughly, for when the head is once severed there are no means of sticking it on again, while recovery from poison or electricity is not impossible with the aid of the executioner, who might be induced to moderate the dose for a consideration. The guillotine permits no collusion between the administrator of the law and the friends of the guilty. As long as capital punishment shall exist in France the present method will, I think, be maintained, as more sure in its effects, and as offering the least objection.

"Capital punishment may be said to be virtually abolished in France at the present day. Paris alone last year tried three hundred men for murder, and convicted only five of them. The leniency shown to criminals has led to a reduction of my salary from about three hundred dollars to two hundred and fifty. This is my entire income, for I get no fees or perquisites—yet I am content."

SHARP CORNERS.—Some people—and very disagreeable they are by the way—contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything; to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable beings. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You might as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like, but that you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirker yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you do it, never mind about that other who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gap and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the job that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.—A quaint lesson in economy was given by a well-known lady of wealth and position to a friend. It related to the method of preserving a stair carpet, and to keep it in its entirety as long as possible. She and her husband had agreed, the one to keep always to the right in going up and down, and the other to walk only upon the left-hand side of the carpet. It was expected that the company would keep exclusively in the centre of the stairway, and that, as a result of the arrangement, the stair carpet would grow old with equal rapidity.

"MR. BARKER, do you think we will go to the seaside or mountains next summer?" asked the "power behind the throne" as the family sat about the evening lamp. "Mrs. B.," answered her husband, "I have not paid the bill for the Christmas presents you gave me yet," a dull silence reigned.

FANNIE: "So you are married, Hattie, and have wealth and all its possibilities?" Hattie: "Yes; my husband is very rich." Fannie: "And you enjoy it very much?" Hattie: "Very much indeed." Fannie: "And your husband?" Hattie: "Oh, well! you know in this world, dear, we have to take the bitter with the sweet."

APOPLEXY, pneumonia, rheumatism are prevented and removed by Warner's Safe Cure. Why? Dr. Geo. Johnson of Kings College, London, England, says: "There is wide-spread enlargement of the muscular walls of the small arteries in chronic Bright's Disease, not only in the arteries of the kidneys, but also in those of the pia-mater (investing membrane of the brain), the skin, the intestines and the muscles, as a result of a morbidly changed condition of the blood due to kidney disease." If the kidney disease is not cured, apoplexy, pneumonia or rheumatism will result. Warner's Safe Cure does cure kidney disease, thus enabling them to take out of the blood the morbid or unhealthy matters.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

They are talking of having omnibuses in London especially for those who want to smoke while they ride. It is said that the vehicles will be fitted up with racks of newspapers and also with a drop a-nickel in-the-slot machine that will deliver cigars, cigarettes, tobacco and matches.

Owing to the limited opportunities for solemnizing marriages in Blaine county, Nebraska, the story goes, there is great competition among the ministers and justices of peace there when there is a prospect of a wedding. "It became known the other day that one of the best citizen farmers living near Brewster was daily expecting the arrival of his bride to be from the Empire State, and the whole judicial and clerical force in the country had camped on his farm awaiting her arrival."

A few years ago, an important alteration was made in harnessing the dray-horses used by one of the French Railway Companies, and the method has proved so satisfactory that it has been extended to all stations under the control of the Company. The improvement is confined to the traces, which are made of chain, with a strong spiral spring inserted in them. These elastic traces are found to possess many advantages besides durability. The shock or blow on the collar at starting is far less violent and injurious to the horse, and the animal soon learns that a steady pull without jerks will do the work required of him.

A few days ago, says a New York letter-writer, I went to a swell restaurant where no less than four out of seven men wore single glasses. It transpired in the course of a talk that they had none of them crossed the ocean. I do not ever remember to have been in a crowd of half a dozen men in London where as many as three or four affected the single glass. A great many men who are near-sighted over there carry a single glass and peer through it when they want to see at a distance; but they do not wear it for any other purpose than that of convenience. The glass over there is by no means as common as people usually suppose. Bad actors and queer specimens of the genus swell in America are the only ones who keep up the absurd affectation. In England and France, however, men often carry siglass when they wear evening dress, merely as a means of decoration apparently.

Nothing is more common than for Europeans to complain of the difficulty they have in individualizing men of dark races, who to the eye of the white man seem all more or less alike. The natives of India have apparently exactly the same difficulty with white men. Some men of a regiment stationed at Benares recently broke loose and raided a liquor shop in a neighboring village. Some of the culprits were so drunk that the authorities easily discovered them, but in order to spot the remainder the regiment was paraded, and the villagers were asked to point out the guilty men. They absolutely failed to do so in a single case, whereupon a native paper, commenting on the incident, says: "Not a doubt of it. One of the most difficult feats under the sun is to identify Europeans; they are so much alike, with their loud, glaring, white color. We wonder whether their friends and relations are at a loss as to who's who?"

THERE are many who talk on from ignorance rather from knowledge and who find the former an inexhaustible fund of conversation.

ABOUT DOCTORS' BILLS.

Many a struggling family has all it can do to keep the wolf from the door, without being called upon to pay frequent and exorbitant bills for medical advice and attendance.

True, the doctor is often a necessary, though expensive visitant of the family circle; nevertheless pure and well tested remedies—like Warner's Safe Cure—kept on hand for use when required will be found a paying investment for every household in the land.

Sickness is one of the legacies in life, and yet every ill that flesh is heir to has an antidote in the laboratory of nature. Hon. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., President of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, was a few years ago stricken with kidney disease, which the physicians declared incurable. In this extremity a friend recommended to him a vegetable preparation now known throughout the civilized world as Warner's Safe Cure. He tried it, and was quickly restored to perfect health. The incident led him to begin the manufacture of the wonderful preparation, and to make its merits known in all tongues and among all peoples.

He has now laboratories and warehouses in the United States not only, but in Canada, England, Germany, Austria, Australia and Burmah. His preparations meet the requirements and affect the cure of a variety of diseases, and are all compounded from medicinal plants of the highest virtue.

Mr. Warner is a man of affairs, of wealth, culture and the highest standing in his own city and throughout the State. His character is the best guarantee of the purity and excellence of his renowned Remedies, which may be found in every first class drug store of Europe and America.

Our Young Folks.

NATALIE'S TRIUMPH.

BY E. A. EDGCOMB.

"THERE, father! I tell you it is quite impossible;" and Natalie shivered slightly as she spoke. "The doctor said it would be the death of you if you ventured upon the 'line' to-morrow."

The listener, Michel, turned himself once more upon his bed feverishly. He, too, with his nine-year-old daughter, felt that to go out upon his usual duties at such a season, with a heavy fever upon him all the while, was utterly out of the question.

It was a bitter winter this, in Russia; and as every one knows, a Russian winter always lasts about seven months.

One glance at the beautiful snow-clad forest all around their pine-wood hut showed pretty plainly that the ever hard-worked railway guard must not even dream of facing such a scene as the present.

"But think of the consequences, my little girl!" and he raised his eyes a moment glancing anxiously at that dingy-looking home. "Think of what the master of the railway line said to-day—that he is quite sure that I have been ill long enough."

"And much he knows about it all!" interrupted Natalie indignantly.

"Well, well, child; it's true all the same. He said, too, didn't he? that if I wasn't at work next morning—true to time, too—he would dismiss me from my post!"

"So he did," and the dark eyes of the warm-hearted, and also impulsive peasant-girl filled with tears.

Quickly, however, she brushed them back again. This was no fit time for stupid tears, so she thought instantly. She must at once, on the contrary, set her brain to work, and think.

"Well then, if that happens, daughter, remember what will happen next. We shall not then have a single *kopek* (the coin of least value in Russia) left with which to buy even black bread. Think of that!"

There was silence within that hut for the space of several minutes. The fire of logs within the stove had only been lately kindled, and the small door of the same having been wide open, a bright blaze shed its light for a short time on all around.

Perhaps the blaze in some way helped to serve Natalie's thoughts, for suddenly she raised herself from the floor on which she had been kneeling by her father's side, and clasping her hands heartily together, exclaimed cheerfully:

"Of course! why not? The very thing!"

"Eh, child, what's the matter now?"

"Nothing particular, father; only that I mean to go and take your place. I mean—yes, to be sure! why didn't I think of that before?—to be a railway guard in your stead!"

"You're dreaming, Natalie—don't, in fact, know what you're talking about. This is no time for idle words, child. You ought to know that I am far to ill for that."

"Idle words!" and Natalie's cheeks became instantly crimson. "No, no good father, I wouldn't indeed talk idly to you—to-night of all nights. I am going to be 'conductor,' as they call it, first thing to-morrow morning. That's certain."

"There, stop talking nonsense!" came the impatient answer. "It's more than I can stand."

"You'll see then, father," fell decisively. "I'll just run over and ask neighbor Ignieff to take care of you a bit whilst I am away."

Already she had gone.

* * * * * *

"Why, what in the world are you talking about child?" exclaimed neighbor Ignieff. "You a railway guard! A little bit of a think like you!"

Not very polite, certainly, on the part of neighbor Ignieff.

"I'll be over, however, early in the morning," he said to her, "and put a stop to all this nonsense."

Away ran Natalie home again.

The next morning, soon after four o'clock, a strange figure might have been seen stealing out of Michel's hut. A child's figure attired in the warm cape and snug fur cap, as worn by railway guards in that part of the world, with the view to warmth.

"Now, if I don't look like a regular railway guard," she mused, "it's a pity."

On she ran. She must be at the railway terminus or station precisely at five o'clock, Father was aways punctual, she knew.

Other guards stood ready to take their places at the same moment as she entered.

"What do you want here, child?" exclaimed more than one manly voice; whilst the manager said gruffly that she had better get out of the way—not stand there idly in the midst of the different officers.

"But I'm going to take father's place on the 'line' to-day," she explained coolly, and self-steadily. "He's ill—yes, very ill"—and her voice faltered a moment—"and you see, we can't afford to lose the money; we shall starve else."

A burst of laughter arose.

"Absurd child! Go home again!"

"I can't, then," and Natalie spoke decisively.

"Why not?"

"Because I've made up my mind to do father's work."

It was even too funny even to listen to, as somebody in the group of guards and others said.

"I know exactly what to do," said Natalie persuasively, now peering up beseechingly into the manager's face. "I'll take the tickets from the passengers before they leave the carriages. You may be quite sure—indeed you may—that I won't let anyone escape."

"What an extraordinary child!" ejaculated the manager. "Why, there never was such a thing heard of before! Think how small you are. You couldn't even reach up to the carriage windows;" and he spoke in a tone of great amusement. "But there, child! it's far too bitter weather for standing still like this! Go home, I say."

"Oh, please, please let me go on the 'line' to-day," fell now in an almost terrified voice. "Think of what it will be for father to be without food!"

* * * * * * *

As the manager of that particular part of the railroad used afterwards to say, he could never explain why he was stupid enough to be persuaded into doing a ridiculous thing by a mere plaintive-faced girl.

Somehow the way in which she pleaded—the very attitude in which she stood face to face with him—dressed up, too in her father's cape and cap got the better of him. He had consented.

They would not starve at home, those two, and also die, amidst the pure white snow and frost.

* * * * * *

The thick fur cap of Michel went many miles that day. The snow-flakes drifted in the brave wearer's face, how often! But yet she never once flinched from duty.

True to the post which she had of her own accord undertaken, Natalie held on vigorously, remaining as persistently on the footboard of the train as if, in fact, the entire safety of everything lay on her own hands.

She did not know that a friendly "guard" had undertaken, at the manager's request, to look after her. She only knew that, more than once, when she had nearly slipped from the narrow foot-board, the same man had come hastily to her rescue and picked her up again.

The passengers too, seemed puzzled, when a grave faced girl, standing of course on tip-toe, peered into the carriage every now and then and requested them to "hand on tickets."

"You want my ticket, do you child?" said the voice of someone occupying a third-class carriage. "I fear I cannot give it you."

The speaker bent forward an instant hurriedly, and also a little nervously. The "child guard" and herself were gazing intently into each other's face, but only for a moment.

* * * * * *

That night, quite late, her eyes flashing with delight at the thought that she had triumphed, Natalie still sat watching besides the shutterless window.

She was too excited for to sleep, also, perhaps too weary. She had won the day; that was enough.

And then she thought of the sweet mother who had been taken from them five long years before, and imprisoned in Siberia by Russian law for doing that which, alas! she had never done.

Natalie did not know that the door of the hut had been meanwhile softly opened, and then as softly re-closed.

She only heard a loud cry of joy fall from her father's lips, and then Natalie had sprung forward.

A woman had sunk upon her knees by the bedside.

"Now I thank God that I am here at last!" Natalie heard her say. "I escaped from Siberia, my Michel. They were cruel to me there."

But Natalie—worn out, perhaps, by her long day—had fainted, resting her head on her mother's lap.

Natalie's triumph was complete.

Although never again permitted to act as conductor on the "line" her spirited act had gained all that was required. Her father's weekly pay was continued as usual during his illness, and many a strong burly Russian "guard" told the story to his children at home of Natalie's brave act.

"And I too have to thank my daughter," her mother would say, "for dealing so gently by me when I had lost my ticket. As we both gazed into each other's face, each felt, as it proved, that although much changed, there was that in each of us which only ourselves could understand."

"Ah! it's a grand thing to be a 'conductor' upon a 'line' like ours," says Natalie, somewhat proudly.

BREATHING AND THINKING.—Let any reader think for a moment of what he experiences when he breathes, and attends to the act. He will find that his whole frame heaves and subsides at the time; face, chest, stomach and limbs are all actuated by his respiration. Now let him see, his thoughts as he draws a long breath; when he thinks quickly, his breath alternates with rapid alternations; when the tempest of anger shakes his mind, his breath is tumultuous; when his soul is deep and tranquil, so is his respiration; when success inflates him, his lungs are as timid as his conceits. Let him make a trial of the contrary; let him endeavor to think in long stretches at the same time he breathes in fits, and he will find that it is impossible; that in this case the chopping lungs will mince his thoughts.

WHEN in reading we meet with any maxim that may be of use, we should take it for our own, and make an immediate application of it.

THERE can be no death without cause. Warner's Log Cabin COUGH AND CONSUMPTION REMEDY. will prevent and cure the many disorders called Consumption.

[illegible] PLAYS.

THERE are frequently difficulties in arranging charades and plays for young people, owing to the necessity of teaching them their parts and rehearsing during holidays. It is not always practicable to get all the members of the "company" together; so the rehearsal and the performance both suffer.

But in "shadow"-plays, or pantomimes, the speaking parts are not required, and a very little practice by the performer—if one or he be fairly intelligent—will suffice for shadow-plays.

We propose in this article to give the general results of our observation and experience in the matter of children's plays; and they can be performed in dumb show or be accompanied by a chorus—either of the Greek pattern, or of the running-accompaniment kind—which will be described in prose, or in song by a band of performers, the play, ballad, or story which the actors are executing in silhouette.

All little folk have seen black pictures and figures of men and women in their books, and they can themselves be thrown, in shadow, against a sheet, and act without speaking, any story they please; a nursery rhyme or ballad or charade—a kind of reflected dumb-crambo.

There is no difficulty whatever in making the arrangements.

The "properties"—that is to say, the necessary adjuncts of the play—can be readily supplied by toy animals, &c; a cliff may be represented by a stout kitchen table covered loosely with a cloth; trees can be dispensed with, a bank of flowers may easily be formed by sloping boards on a lattice-word arrangement through which flowers (in pots), real or artificial, may be seen growing.

Another advantage in shadow-plays or pantomime—no color is needed, only the dark shadow of the object is displayed.

We will first endeavor to show how the necessary arrangements can be made, leaving to clever hands and heads the fitting and management suitable to individuals.

The tastes and talent of readers will supply details most suitable to their own surroundings. We can only give the lead. We will supply the outline, and they will fill the figures.

The "proscenium," as it is called, should be the folding-doors between two rooms. This is the easiest method, and saves building up a stage in a room or gallery.

If folding-doors are not available, the sheet should be tightly stretched without crease on a framework which will extend across the room.

To ensure a perfectly uncreased surface, the sheet should be first wetted, and then extended as tightly as possible.

Care should be taken that, if the sheet is not sufficiently wide to go across the room or stage, the sides of the proscenium (the "wings") are filled by curtains, so that no spectator in front may see behind the scene.

Two sheets sewn together will generally suffice to form the screen for the shadowy performers, and if they are wetted, and stretched while damp, the result will be a perfectly smooth and even surface.

These preliminaries concluded, and the sheets provided, we come to the most important item in our property list—the light by which the shadow is thrown.

The best light is that which is most spread out; and a lamp with a reflector, and a wide scope of light, so as to illuminate all the sheet at once equally, will be found very effective.

But any light will do; and when the "funny man" of the company leaps over the light away from the spectators, they will see him apparently disappear into the ceiling of the room.

On the other hand, if he leap down over the light towards the audience, he will seem to descend from the clouds!

A fairy or a sprite can thus disappear and reappear with excellent and comic effect—causing much laughter if the pursuit of a lad by a policeman, for instance, be shown.

In ordinary play or story or ballad, the actor should remain at a certain specified distance between the sheet screen and the light.

If they do so, their natural sizes and relative proportions will be preserved. If they keep near the screen, they will be plainly perceived, and they should be careful to keep their profiles towards the audience.

In ordinary plays the actor should face the spectators; in shadow-plays the side-face only should be presented, and so any action—even the vulgar protrusion of the tongue or extended hands—will be plainly visible. Long noses and chins—Mr. Punch for instance—are always fair disguises in comic "shadows."

Of course any other features or distinctive characteristics of a performer—such as a monk's cross, a bishop's crozier, a warrior's sword, and so on—should be well displayed.

Bo Peep's crook; Jack and Jill, and the pail of water; the spoon and bowl of Little Miss Muffet, and the terrible spider which came down beside her, may be arranged as tableaux and form very effective pictures, pretty and amusing, while the rhymes are sung by young people behind the scene, the actors taking care to move and gesticulate at the proper time.

Jack the Giant Killer, Puss in Boots, or any simple well known nursery story may be made very effective in shadow pantomime. Beauty and the Beast, or even Cinderella, can be played in dumb show. Giants and dwarfs can be very easily and most effectively managed by the performers standing near to or away from the light.

The effect of water can be obtained by netting or muslin. Water on the true stage is represented by carpet or drugget shaken by the carpenters at the side scenes.

If the netting or muslin in the shadow-play be moved in similar manner by some persons at the side of the screen, the "water" appears to move and ripple.

The full moon, again, is a very good adjunct to a scene, and a half-moon with a comic "man" in it in profile is better, because the features can be marked, and profile is better on the screen.

A winking moon which we have seen is a source of great amusement. The moon was made of paste board, and the winking of the eye was managed by a card eyelid, supported and fixed by a band of indiarubber, which pulled the "eyelid" up again after the lid had been pulled down by a thread and then released.

If water be arranged with the muslin or netting, a pail or a bucket full of water should be provided, so that a splash may be produced and heard by the audience when any character appears to fall into the water.

The bottom of the sea may be represented also by slanting the muslin from behind towards the screen.

If the portion fastened to the cord be doubled, the effect, when properly managed, will give the horizon-line of water above—a band of darker hue, while the single "fall" will be lighter and represent the silvery, perpendicular depths of the sea by contrast with the darker straight (horizontal) surface shadow made by the hem of double netting.

It must be borne in mind that the audience should be in complete, or nearly complete, darkness while the performance is proceeding behind the screen. As in a camera obscura, the profiled actors will be seen in shadow on the sheet.

No "drop"-curtain will be needed if the light is in the audience portion of the room be properly managed. If the scene is finished, the manager can have the gas in the room before the screen suddenly turned up, and the shadows will disappear from the sheet.

Of course a curtain can be let down or drawn across the folding-doors, but the other arrangement is at least as good, and gives less trouble.

In arranging the sudden departures and disappearances, certain angles must be observed, so that the figure may be seen passing across the stage. The actor can go off at a tangent and disappear sideways and suddenly.

A little practice will soon solve all difficulties, and the performers, although they come like shadows, and so depart, will neither vex the eye nor grieve the heart, as the apparitions did Macbeth.

For children, their nursery rhymes and fairy tales will supply an almost endless variety of performances, and be the means of introducing some characteristic costumes, such as Old Mother Hubbard's, Little Bo-Peep's, or Red Riding-hood's, which are very effective in outline.

A DUMFOUNDING SWINDLE.—A gentleman, the other day, stepped into the shop of a Paris merchant, followed by a servant.

The gentleman, who wore his right arm in a sling, was taken for a military pensioner, and the merchant gladly placed before him such articles as he asked for.

When he came to settle the account, however, he found that he had not sufficient money, so he asked the merchant to write a note from his dictation to his wife, which he would send to his hotel by his servant.

The merchant unsuspiciously wrote as desired, and on a sheet bearing the name of the firm, these words:

"Send me immediately by the bearer two hundred francs. Yours, Robert."

He, smilingly, closed up the note, with the expression:

"Ah, then we are namesakes!"

The servant took the note, and soon returned with the required sum. The gentleman paid for his wares, gave them to his servant to carry and went away.

Some hours after, the wife of the merchant visited him, and after talking of sundry things, suddenly asked him why he had sent for the two hundred francs.

The merchant was rendered speechless with astonishment when he saw what a cheat had been played upon him.

SNIFFING.—A paper old enough to at least tell part of the truth has the following: "Sniffing" parties are now the rage. They combine the simplest and most economical mode of entertaining people on the face of the earth. The invitations are sent out in the usual way, and when the guests—blue-nosed and red about the optics—arrive, they behold a brazier containing burning coals—or, rather, coals, standing in the centre of the dining-room table, around which chairs are arranged. When all are seated the hostess sprinkles some kind of incense on the fire and then the fun begins. The guests smell at the fumes until they feel better, and then afternoon tea is served.

HE who observes the faults of his neighbor is too much occupied to see his own faults.

"THE DISEASE proceeds silently amid apparent health." That is what Wm. Roberts, M. D., Physician to the Manchester Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says in regard to Bright's Disease. Is it necessary to give any further warning? If not, use Warner's Safe Cure before your kidney malady becomes too far advanced.

THE OLD FRIENDS.

BY S. D.

Where are they scattered now,
The old, old friends?
One made her dwelling where the maples glow,
And mighty streams through solemn forests flow,
But never from the pine-crowned land of snow
A message sends.

Some meet me oft amid
Life's common ways;
And then perchance a word or smile declares
That warm hearts throb beneath their load of cares;
For love grows on, like wheat among the tares,
Till harvest days.

"But some have fall'n asleep;"
The words are sweet!
O friends at rest beneath the blessed sod,
My feet still tread the weary way ye trod
Ere yet your loving souls went back to God!
When shall we meet?

O Thou, divinest friend,
When shall it be
That I may know them in their garments white,
And see them with a new and clearer sight,
Mine old familiar friends—made fair and bright,
Like unto Thee?

AGAINST ONE'S LIFE.

What is the most popular form of suicide? In France, drowning seems the commonest method, possibly because it is the handiest. Professor Morselli, of Turin University, tells us that drunkards and people who are tired of life and worn out with its miseries take to hanging; those to whom family misfortunes have made life unendurable choose drowning. It is perhaps not so wonderful that crossed or jealous lovers should resort to poison or the revolver.

Another writer on this subject has observed that a man will, by preference, hang himself, and a woman drown herself.

Many persons, who had never before displayed great originality, have distinguished themselves by inventing novel forms of suicide. We have all heard of the Roman lady who swallowed red-hot coals, and the foreign gentleman who put an end to himself with a small private guillotine also acquired posthumous renown.

In a fiery furnace an iron-worker once preferred to meet death. His fellow workmen saw him pitch himself headlong into the flames of a raging furnace; in which, no doubt, he was, before many moments elapsed, utterly consumed. The natural question is—Why did he do it? Probably he could not tell the reason himself, if he were alive.

A pleasanter way of quitting the world was that adopted by a Parisian grisette, who filled her small bedroom with flowers; and when her mother went to call her, she found her dead.

This young creature understood vegetable physiology and chemistry sufficiently to be able to adapt them to fatal ends.

At Plymouth, a man named Jolly tied his feet and hands together, and then threw himself into the water, having previously announced his intention of committing suicide in that particular way.

November is generally believed to be the month of suicides. It is certainly a melancholy month. But Professor Morselli, who has made a special study of this subject, says it is not true that suicide is more frequent "in damp, cloudy, and dark weather, such as helps the developement of melancholy passions."

August is the month in which the greatest number of suicides take place in Paris, one hundred and six occurring in that month, as against forty-one in February, the slackest month.

Last year, July was the suicidal month Paris.

In this country "the flowery month" of June is the favorite time, the three months of summer showing two thousand three hundred and eighty six suicides, as against one thousand seven hundrad and thirty-six in winter.

"Nature intended me to be a man; fate made me a grocer," were the words written on a piece of paper, left by a young Frenchman who blew out his brains with a pistol. That young man had mistaken his calling; but it would be a serious thing for society if all grocers were to think and act in like manner,

A spice of humor attaches to the valedictory address of a Paris cabman, who strangled himself. He wrote:

"I leave this world because it pleases me to do so. I have had enough of driving people about in this world. I am going to see if, in the other world, people drive differently. All I ask is, that no fuss may be made about me."

With the view of ensuring that the letter should not go astray, he wrote upon the envelope, "To Anyone."

"I am no longer able to support my parents," was the reason assigned by an octogenarian in Buda-Pesth, for attempting to commit suicide. He had for the last few years been a beggar, and was eighty-four years old. His father and mother were said to be aged one hundred and fifteen and one hundred and ten respectively.

He was rescued by a Hungarian member of parliament, as he was about to jump into the Danube off the suspension bridge.

His story has since been investigated by the police, and is declared to be true.

A recent tragedy was unique in the annals of suicide. For a mother, half mad or wholly mad with grief and misery, to murder her children, and then kill herself, is not an event without a precedent. But for a father, who appeared to his neighbors, to his intimates, and to the doctor who examined his brain after death, to be entirely sane, to slaughter his whole family (a wife and six children, one of them a well-grown lad) to do this out of affection, and with the most anxious avoidance of any pain or violence, and then, with his victims just dead, to write letter after letter explaining his motives and his means, to draft a sensible will, to pass out among his friends in order to secure witnesses to the document, and then return to the charnel-house and execute himself—this is certainly odd.

Yet this is what a druggist's assistant did. Owing to various pecuniary troubles, he could not bear to desert his wife and children, and decided that the whole family should go away to the next world together He explained his plan to his wife, a noble-hearted woman, he says, who did not wish to survive him, and she agreed to it, provided, only, that all should go at once as an undivided household.

He therefore mixed some prussic acid with half-a-pound of treacle, and gave the first dose to his wife in bed with her two youngest children. She took it, he says, quite consciously, and as easily "as if it had been beer or tea," or, as he again says, "like a lamb." All died easily, he wrote, and without pain, and then the father wrote four letters, drew up a will, and then went out to have his signature witnessed. Returning, he lay on the sofa and swallowed the poison.

France holds the records for suicides, two hundred and sixteen per million, which is the highest average in all Europe. The increase in most European countries has been considerable during the last eight years, but in France it has been enormous

Grains of Gold.

To do so no more is the truest repentance.

No man is happy who does not think himself so.

The usual fortune of complaint is, to excite contempt more than pity.

Patience is the support of weakness; impatience is the ruin of strength.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.

Our greatest glory consists, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

Since we are exposed to inevitable sorrows, wisdom is the art of finding compensation.

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.

Mankind loves mystery—a hole in the ground excites more wonder than a star in the heavens.

How much easier it is to be generous than just! Men are sometimes bountiful who are not honest.

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.

"Is not life useful when it is happy?" asks the egotist. "Is it not sufficiently happy when it is useful?" asks the good man.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable impression of you; if with a little mind, leave him with a favorable opinion of himself.

There is one single fact which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, namely, that no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death-bed.

Femininities.

There are 60,000 women farmers in Ireland.

How to manage bachelors—Miss-manage them.

In separations, the one who departs is the soonest consoled.

French women never wear their street costumes in the house.

Age is venerable in man, and would be in woman—if ever she became old.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.

What are now known as garters were called shankbands by our Saxon grandmothers.

The fashion of carrying a muff dates 200 years back. Courtiers wore them in the time of George I.

It makes a difference about a man's value, whether you take him at his own estimation or at that of his wife.

He: "Sad about Mrs. Blank—died this morning while trying on a new dress." She: "No, you don't say so! What was it trimmed with?"

Only handsome and well formed ladies are admitted to membership in the new "Handsome Club," formed by New York ladies a few days ago.

The Empress of Japan, who is soon coming to this country, will have in her suit two manicures, a dentist, fourteen doctors and ten fan bearers.

Mrs. Topplott: "Do you ever have any trouble in getting money from your husband?" Mrs. Oleboy: "None in the least; I accuse him every once in a while of talking in his sleep."

Mrs. Jones, with unopened letter: "I wonder who it's from? Mr. Jones: "You can quickly find out by opening it." Mrs. Jones: "Yes, but I am enjoying the anxiety of suspense."

For the sake of long suffering humanity it is to be hoped that Mr. Edison will never invent any sort of a machine which will enable people to hear what is said about them behind their backs.

When a charming girl marries a manly fellow that's the kind of a match they make in heaven, but when the widow re-enters the ring that's a different kind of match—a sort of catch-as-catch-can affair.

Wife: "Mercy! these bundles are awfully heavy! Can't you carry them?" Husband: "Not now; all these people around know me." Wife: "Ah! then they will not wonder that I am carrying them."

On the avenue; elegantly dressed woman rushes up to nurse walking with a child. "Lucille, take Master Harry home immediately!" "Pardon, madame, but this is not your child." "Why, that's so! I thought I recognised his coat."

Artful Amy: "Algernon, in parliamentary usage, what does the presiding officer say when a matter is to be put to a vote?" Unsuspecting Algernon: "'Are you ready for the question?'" Artful Amy: "Y-yes, Algernon, I think I am."

It is not an uncommon complaint about a newspaper that it "hasn't life enough." But a brother editor reports the old objection made to his paper by a gossip-loving old lady: "I like your paper very much; I have only one objection to it—it hasn't deaths enough."

William Newman, Barnum's experienced elephant trainer, is credited with the following philosophical comment. "Elephants are very much like human beings, especially in one regard, and that is the females are very much better and nicer than the males, and also in that when a female is bad she is worse than the worst male."

"Miss Squawker," said he, gently, as the last notes of her song died upon the air, "I hope you will not be offended at what I am about to say. It has been on my mind for some time, and—" "Go on, Mr. Spooner," said the girl, encouragingly. "Well—h'm! The last horse car will be down in three minutes, and I'll have to walk home if I don't catch it."

At a debating club the question was discussed, "Whether there is more happiness in the possession or pursuit of an object?" "Mr. President," said a young orator, "suppose I was courtin' a gal and she was to run away, and I was to run after her, wouldn't I be happier when I catched her than when I was running after her?" The young man gained the victory.

"Is it true, Angelina," said a young lady, addressing an acquaintance, "that there has been a rupture between you and Clarence De Johnes?" "It is quite true." "Gracious! What was the cause?" "He was addicted to the use of slang." "Oh!" "Yes; I begged him to discontinue the habit, but he persisted in it." "And the result?" "The result is, he is in the soup."

An upright French judge has been found to vindicate the sacred right of elopement. The London doctor who eloped from Nice to Paris with a beautiful American was ordered to be set at liberty. Sixteen is the minimum age at which young ladies in France are permitted to elope; and as Miss Wilcox has passed that age she can do as she pleases, and no charge lies against the enterprising doctor.

Jack Daisy, who has managed to blunder through it: "Edith, dear, I—I—hardly know what to say—I am so happy and so agitated. It may seem foolish to you—but—I put my sentiments in writing before I came—half intending to leave a letter." Miss Korton, with admirable foresight: "Well John, dear, we understand each other now; but please do let me have the letter, too. I would so love to keep it as a memento of this happy evening."

An 18-year old girl, in New York, was greatly frightened the other night by loud snoring in her chamber, and looking under the bed discovered a young man, sound asleep. She summoned her brother, and the stranger, being aroused, said he found the basement door open, walked up to what he took to be a spare bedroom on the top floor and went to sleep. He was handed over to a policeman, to whom he explained that he was 18 years old and without a home.

Masculinities.

Too much prosperity makes most men fools.

Some people only understand enough of truth to reject it.

He that would be well spoken of himself must not speak ill of others.

What a difference it makes whether you put "Dr." before or after a name!

There is only one thing that men can pack as well as women, and that is the theatre.

Be kind to the little ones. You can't develop children as you do corns—with a boot.

The average American citizen is engaged the year round in losing either his key or his dog.

A Kentucky journal speaks of a man who was so tall that he got up a ladder to shave himself.

A group of cameo stones delicately set in an umbrella handle is one of the elegant fancies of [illegible].

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.

It is a stylish fad to have one's initials embroidered over the right side pocket of one's smoking jacket.

A good many men who are talking very bitterly about the difficulty of getting into a church have never tried it.

A mistake is like a bed; when a man makes one he should not try to escape its discomforts by lying out of it.

The only color which can be determined by the sense of touch is blue. A blind man would know when he is feeling blue.

A Boston man, while leaning against a rail in his grain mill, "began sneezing, and sneezed so hard that he dislocated his shoulder."

Uncle Cornelius writes to a Boston paper that "worriting and fretting over trouble is like trying to cure a bite with a curry-comb."

The chief of a savage tribe delivered the following temperance lecture in a few words: "One drink is too much; two are not enough."

The straw hats now being made ready for summer wear are almost extravagantly giddy in color and shape. Fancy bands are the rule.

It is, alas! the life insurance agent who says most heartily and enthusiastically to his customer, "I am delighted to see you looking so well, sir."

"What is your business?" was the question which a lawyer asked of a witness who lived in a suburban town. "The catching of trains and ferry-boats," was the reply.

"Whenever," said Madame de Staël, "I see Mr. S. I feel the same pleasure that I receive from looking at a fond couple, he and his self-love live so happily together."

The hereditary Grand Falconer of Great Britain is the Duke of St. Albans, who receives a salary of $6 68 a year for holding the title. It is doubtful if he would know a falcon if he saw one.

In the Texas Legislature lately Senator Upshaw's amendment that it shall "not be unlawful to carry a pistol to church when the sermon to be preached is to be over 40 minutes long" was tabled.

The men who dress to attract attention are dudes per se; the well-dressed men are only incidentally dudes, as when they are too anxious about dress and give it too great an importance in their lives.

Colored minister, from the pulpit: "As the air of the church seems chilly, I would ask the sexton if he will kindly close the front doors and windows of the building. The collection will now be taken up."

Winks: "Has your wife a cheerful disposition?" Minks: "Oh, yes; very cheerful. Last night when I was dancing around the room on one foot, after having stepped on a tack, she laughed till her sides ached."

How inconsistent men are, to be sure! The same man who will cheerfully pay a dollar and a half to hear a woman whistle has been known to threaten instant annihilation to the office boy for doing the self-same thing.

Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits and appearances, but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. It is better that a man's own works, than that another man's words, should praise him.

In Piccadilly recently a "London correspondent" saw a young dandy taking the air in a costume of decided originality. It consisted of a pair of lavender trousers, patent-leather shoes and a short jacket made wholly of sealskin. The effect was striking.

Uncle James: "Well, Bobby, are you gaining any prizes at school nowadays?" Bobby: "No, sir; the other fellows get them all." Uncle James: "But you'll keep on trying, of course." Bobby: "What's the use? The other fellows keep on trying, too."

"Yes," said Robinson, "our party had fair success on our fishing excursion, but it was all due to Dumley." "Is he an expert fisherman?" "No; he doesn't know a sardine from a salt mackerel; but he was thoughtful enough to bring some fishhooks along."

Perkins will get tight occasionally, much to the astonishment of himself and friends. "For years," said he, "it was unaccountable to me, for I never did drink but a mouthful or two; and the cause never did strike me until I measured my mouth and found it held a pint."

An employment which would seem perfectly delightful to small boys is tasting molasses. The molasses taster frequently has 20 or 30 samples to experiment upon, taking care to swallow as little as possible. It is said that only a man with a sweet tooth and a clear head can bear up under the strain of the occupation.

Recent Book Issues.

"Draw Poker Without a Master" is a treatise on this card-game. Published by Dillingham & Co., New York, and for sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Woman's World for April has, in addition to the usual illustrated fashion articles by Mrs. Johnstone and Violette, papers by Miss Elia Hepworth Dixon, Gabriel Sazarin, Miss Augusta Marryat, Mrs. Frances Moore, Miss F. L. Shaw, Miss Ellen T. Masters, Miss E. J. Curtis, Arthur Marvell, W. Simpson, Miss Annette Calthrop, and literary notes by the editor, Oscar Wilde. The frontispiece is "Angelica Kauffman," from a portrait by herself in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.

The English Illustrated Magazine for March contains two profusely illustrated papers of a highly readable character. One is a descriptive and historical sketch of the ancient city of Leeds, the other is a bright historical sketch of Kensington Palace; a complete story of rare interest, entitled "Success"; "Sant' Ilario" has a strong instalment, and "The House of the Wolf," comes to a satisfactory conclusion. A pretty little poem has a charming page illustration by Henry Ryland. The "Et Caetera" department is bright with literary spice. Macmillan & Co., New York.

The success of "The Quick or the Dead?" renders the appearance of a new novel by Amelie Rives, in the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, an event in the literary world. Richard Henry Stoddard gives an unusually interesting biographical study of Bayard Taylor. Alice Wellington Rollins has an amusing little skit, called "If He Had Known." "Two Nights in Bohemia" is a very clever sketch by an unknown writer. Edgar Saltus, descants upon "What Pessimism is Not." Poems are contributed by William H. Hayne and M. G. McClelland. The "Our One Hundred Questions" instalment gives some curious and valuable information. The departments are bright and interesting as usual. In Book-Talk the editor gives a clear disquisition upon the mutations of public taste regarding novels.

The April *Popular Science Monthly* opens with a paper on "The Psychology of Spiritualism." The subject of an article by Dr. G. J. Romanes is "The Derivative Origin of the Human Mind. In 'Science and 'Christian Science'" Mr. F. A. Fernald gives a judicial view of the mind-cure. There is an article on "Agnosticism" by Prof. Huxley. Prof. J. P. Cook, of Harvard, contributes a very readable paper on "The Chemical Elements." Mr. John W. Dafoe has an illustrated article entitled "Domestication of the Buffalo." Dr. R. W. Shufeldt writes on "Zoological Gardens; Their Uses and Management." Prof. C. V. Riley's evolutionary essay, "On Causes of Variation," is concluded. "Curiosities of Natural Gas," and "Plants in Witchcraft," are excellent. The number contains a sketch and portrait of Prof. James P. Espy, who is regarded as the father of our present weather Signal Service. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

The *Magazine of American History* for April is exceptionally strong and interesting. The feature of first importance is Washington's letter from Philadelphia to John Langdon in *fac simile*, written on his memorable route to New York in April, 1789. The issue contains two other of Washington's letters in *fac-simile*, and the De Peyster Portrait of Washington never before published. Hon. J. W. Longley, of Halifax, writes a graphic account of "The Romance of Adele Hugo," daughter of Victor Hugo; R. A. Perkins discusses "Commerce and the Constitution,' Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman gives us some very readable "Reminiscences of Washington City;" General Marcus J. Wright contributes the "Diary of Col. Charles Porterfield," throwing light upon the attack on Quebec of Dec 21, 1774; Dr. Cyrus Thomas, the eminent antiquarian scholar, offers some strong arguments on "Mound-Builders and Their Ancient Works." Among the shorter articles are several tid-bits about Washington. The departments are all delightfully varied. It is a superb number. 743 Broadway, N. Y. City.

The April number of *The Cosmopolitan* is usually attractive, both in its pictorial and literary features. The frontispiece is a portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald accompanying an article on "The Canadian Legislature," by W. Blackburn Harte, illustrated with fifteen portraits and five drawings. "New York in 1789," by Charles F. Dowis; illustrated by Dan Beard. "The Nihilists of New York" is an interesting article written and illustrated by the Russian artist, V. Gribayedoff. Other articles accompanied by illustrations are "Birds," by Ouida; "From the Sea to the Desert," by David Ker; "An Underground Estate," by Chas Pelham Clinton; "Edison: His Work and Workshop," by Horace Townsend, and an instalment of the Chinese novel "Wu Chih Tieh," translated by Wong Chin Foo. "Southern Abolitionists," by Moncure D. Conway, is the first of an important series of articles which will appear under the title of "The Great Agitation." Stories, poems and a department of "Social Problems," by Everett Hale, make up an excellent number. Published at 363 Fifth avenue New York.

THE rosy freshness and a velvety softness of the skin is invariably obtained by those who use Poxzoni's Complexion Powder.

WITH A VENTRILOQUIST.

"Good-afternoon," said a youthful, pleasant-looking, and gentlemanly man as he came into the room. "Glad to see you," he added, genially. "What can I do for you?"

Reciprocating his kind greeting, I said that I was anxious to hear something of Ventriloquism, and the means by which he practised it.

"With pleasure," he replied, indicating a chair, as he seated himself. His manner was so courteous that I felt "at home" at once, and came to the point immediately.

"The fact is, I have often felt curious concerning your art, and should like to know how it is worked," I said.

"It is all practice," replied the professor; "and by practice you can speak to people without letting them know that you are speaking. My method of learning Ventriloquism was simple. I held conversations with myself in the looking glass, so as to master the difficulties of talking with closed lips, and to appear as if I were not speaking."

"Yes, I see, but how do you manage the lip letters—P, B, M, for instance?"

"These sounds can be produced, clearly, by the aid of the tongue and the teeth; it is possible that the throat may betray the muscular movement, but I do not take any pains to conceal any such action," replied the professor, confidently.

"Now, when you produce the tones of a man up the chimney, or in a cupboard, must not Ventriloquism, in its true sense, be resorted to?"

"Yes; in many instances the muscles of the stomach or diaphragm must be brought into play. When using my figures on the stage I find it easier to produce sounds from below. One can make all kinds of sounds with the mouth, but I cannot work properly without the aid of those muscles."

"Were you ever taught Ventriloquism?"

"No; I found it all out for myself. When I was about ten years old I had a little of the art explained to me, and I read 'Valentine Vox,' which, by the way, is absurd in many instances, as no one can throw his voice in the manner described in the book."

"But, then, how do you manage? The voice appears to come from a distance, and from a certain spot."

"It is not difficult," said the professor, with modesty. "By some gesture I inform the audience beforehand whence the sound will come. You then, unconsciously, fix your eyes and your attention on that spot, and having made up your mind that you will hear the sound coming from that place, you do hear it accordingly. I always turn my face to the audience, but they do not detect my enunciation."

"Is Ventriloquism difficult to learn?"

"Well, in my opinion it is a gift in some degree; but there are many people who call themselves Ventriloquists who have no true title to the name. No; I don't think anything of the dolls worked by Ventriloquists. At the backs of the figures are wires, which pull and move their jaws in unison with the words that are spoken. The dolls can sing in unison and separately. As I said, Ventriloquism is a gift, and those who do not possess it produce muffled sounds—these won't do: you want your voice clear; but when I have a cold, as at present, it is very trying to perform."

"It must be a strain on the throat. Has your health suffered by the practice?"

"No; I make no preparations except that I do not smoke for at least three hours previous to performing, as I think tobacco relaxes the throat; and I take only a very light meal an hour before."

"Does it take a long time to learn Ventriloquism?"

"No; practice is necessary before the glass, so as to succeed in pronouncing the alphabet without moving the lips. When I was learning I never told any one. I studied on and off for two years and a half, but during the last six months I practised hard every day. I got hints, and read articles about Ventriloquism, rolled my tongue about as I was told, and made myself feel uncomfortable. That was no use! I thought it out, studied, practised, and succeeded. It's like anything else you want to excel in—you must work at it."

"I wish you could just give me an illustration of your powers," I suggested, as he paused.

"Well, my cold is troublesome, but I will try. Now you see my lips do not move although I am speaking to you. I can also talk in a 'squeaky' tone, thus"—(here the professor imitated the tones of an old man to perfection: and no movement of the lips or throat could be distinguished at that distance.)

Going then to the fireplace, the Ventriloquist held an animated conversation with a sweep—so clearly and yet so naturally that one would have declared that the man was in the flue—now low down, now on the leads, but his voice was always distinctly audible. This and one or two other illustrations were given with the greatest good nature, and I thanked my new friend warmly for his kindness.

Blobson—"Ha, ha! Here's an article which says that before the close of the Nineteenth Century we shall see women running locomotive engines on our railroads." Mrs. Blobson—"Well, why not? Don't you think they would make good ones?" Mr. Blobson—"In some respects, perhaps. They would keep a good lookout ahead, anyway." Mrs. Blobson—"Why so?" Mr. Blobson—"Because they would have their heads out of the cab window all the time to show their new bonnets."

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

"Ah, Miss Smithers, you have a complexion which would make the fortune of the manufacturers of the soap you use, if it could be advertised. Pray, what is the brand?"

"Thanks, awfully, Mr. Flatterer; I never use soap. I use pure, clear water freely, and take a certain tonic occasionally which removes the necessity for any cosmetic or soap."

The "tonic" Miss Smithers mentioned, is a powerful curative as well. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and is the best remedy for "female weakness" known. By fortifying the health, the bloom of youth and the soft, round lines of the girlish face are preserved to an age when most women are wrinkled and gray from pain and suffering.

WARRANTED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* of satisfaction in every case, or price ($1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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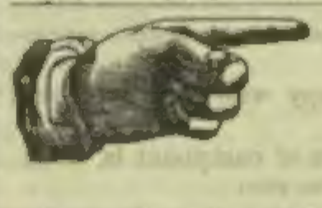
Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists.



TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

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Humorous.

HER NEIGHBORS.

They lingered at her father's door,
The moon was shining bright,
And to the maiden, o'er and o'er,
The youth had said, "Good night."

But still, reluctant to depart,
Her tiny hand he pressed,
While all the love that filled his heart
His ardent looks confessed.

At length she closer to him crept,
Her eyes upon him bent,
And softly asked: "How have you kept
Thus far the fast of Lent?"

He smiled, and as a manly arm
Around her waist he threw,
He said: "I've done no neighbor harm—
Pray tell me, how have you?"

"Oh, better far, I'm sure!" she said—
The charming little elf—
"I've loved (she blushed and bent her head)
My neighbor as myself."

"Who is your neighbor?" questioned he,
As to his breast he drew
The gentle maid; and, blushing, she
With one word answered—"You!"

—U. N. Nobs.

The baby has a rattling time.

Swell affair—a bullfrog concert.

Handy book-markers—dirty fingers.

A bill sticker—a determined collector.

Never in the soup—very many oysters.

Intemperate language—"Let's imbibe."

Mightier than the pen—the pig, sometimes.

A spark of love—the diamond in the engagement ring.

Many men meet with a fall when waiting for a "rise."

Even a small barber may be called a strapping fellow.

A social glass to which ladies are addicted—the mirror.

The greatest weather profit of this season is the money saved by young men who didn't go sleigh-riding.

The last thing from an impassioned printer to his mistress: "Would you were an exclamation point and I a parenthesis (!)."

Lady, to drunken burglar: "Are you not ashamed to beg?" Beggar: "Yes, ma'am; but I'm full; when I'm sober I'm a burglar."

All this talk about a National flower for this country is superfluous. Of course the only flower suitable to be the emblem of the United States is the daisy.

Mrs. Jones, with unopened letter: "I wonder who it's from? Mr. Jones: "You can quickly find out by opening it." Mrs. Jones: "Yes, but I am enjoying the anxiety of suspense."

"Poor John," said Mrs. Spriggins, "he's lost nearly everything. But George says he's got lots of creditors left, and that's some comfort. 'Tain't as if he didn't have absolutely nothin' left."

A youth, sitting in church, mistook the gentle touch of a plume on the jaunty hat of a young lady for a fly on his neck, and with the energy of exasperation, sent plume, hat and chignon flying into a distant pew.

Bootblack: "Shine, sir?" Countryman, sadly: "No, thankye; them boots ain't been blacked since me poor, dear wife died, six months ago. There ain't much blackin' left on 'em, but what's there she put on herself."

Citizen: "How much do you weigh, Pat?" Pat: "Sometimes 400, sor, and sometimes 800." "How do you make that out?" "Well, sor, I'm drivin' for a coal dealer, and I always weigh the difference between the coal and the ton."

It was a Connecticut boy who surprised his teacher in reading, the other day, by his interpretation of the sentence: "There is a worm. Do not tread on him." He read slowly and hesitatingly: "There is a warm doughnut; tread on him!"

Jones last Saturday received the following note from a friend: "Come and dine with me to-morrow at Delmonico's, with two or three friends." Jones, who is a very literal person, turned up promptly at the appointed hour with—three of his friends.

A coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from exposure. "What do you mean by that?" asked a relative of the dead man; "there were two bullet holes in his skull!" The coroner replied, with a wave of his magisterial hand: "Just so; he died from exposure to bullets."

Mamma: "How dare you slap your sister, George?" George: "She kicked me when my back was turned, and hurted me very much, I can tell you." Mamma: "Where did she hurt you?" George: "Well, I can't exactly say where, because—because my back was turned, and I was looking another way."

A nice, pious old man thought his oxen laid out strength brushing away flies that might be used hauling the corn-plow, so he tied bricks to their tails. The plan worked well, until one of the bricks struck the old man on the head, when he was carried to the house on a door. He said he hadn't thought of that contingency. The oxen's tails are loose now, and the old man has had his brains soldered in with silver.

When the Mucous Surfaces of the Bronchia are sore or inflamed, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant will afford prompt relief. For breaking up a Cold, or subduing a Cough, you will find in it a certain remedy.

Height of the Tower of Babel.—The reputed height of the structure has at times been greatly exaggerated, some Jewish authorities fixing it at twelve miles and Jerome quoting contemporary assertions for its being four miles high.

These estimates, however, give way to the sober testimony of Strabo, who states the height at 600 feet, which is the figure generally accepted.

The distinction of forming the remains of the Tower of Babel has been claimed for three masses of ruins in or near Babylon; but the majority of competent antiquarians have declared in favor of Birs Nimroud, which stood in Borsippa, a suburb of Babylon, eight miles distant from that city.

Sir R. K. Porter showed that the summit had been exposed to intense vitrifying heat which must have been the result of fire operating from above, probably in the form of lightning, thus confirming the tradition of its destructions by fire from heaven.

Sir H. F. Rawlinson discovered that it consisted of seven stages of brickwork on an earthen platform, each stage being of a different color.

Its ruins still rise 153 feet above the level of the plain. According to Herodotus the Tower of Babel was adorned by colossal images and statues of solid gold, the value of which he rated at twenty-one millions sterling, probably as great an exaggeration of their worth as twelve miles was of the height of the structure.

Ants as Pickles.—Should a Maine lumberman find a stump or rotten log with thousands of big black ants in it he scoops the torpid insects from their Winter domicile and fills his dinner pail with them. When he gets back to his cabin at night he sets the pail in a cool place until his supper is ready, then brings it forth, and, while helping himself to pork and beans, helps himself also to ants. There is no accounting for tastes, and he esteems a handful of ants a very choice morsel.

Ants are said by those who have tasted them to have a peculiarly agreeable, strongly acid flavor. The woodsmen, whose food consists largely of salted meat, baked beans and similar hearty victuals, naturally have a craving for something sour.

"Ants are the very best of pickles," said an old "logger," who confessed to having devoured thousands of them. "They are cleanly insects, and there is no reason why they should not be eaten if one can get over a little squeamishness caused by the thought of taking such crawling things into his stomach. There is nothing repulsive about them, and when a man has once learned to eat the creatures as pickles he prefers them to any other kind."

It is a mistake to consider marriage merely as a scheme of happiness. It is also a bond of service. It is the most ancient form of that social ministration which God has ordained for all human beings, and which is symbolized by all the relations of nature.

THE GRAIN OF SALT.

A lady finding a beggar-boy at her door gave him a meal of coffee, meat, and bread and butter, which he sat down in the area to eat. A moment afterward, however, he rapped beseechingly at the door again, and on its being opened remarked with his hand upon his heart, "If I had but a little salt I should be perfectly happy."

Of course he got the salt.

Human nature is always lacking something. Oftentimes it were better off without its wishes, yet it is universally conceded that no permanent enjoyment can be had without the savor of health, which keeps good cheer fresh and preserves and sweetens life for the future.

The great, ruddy farmer pines because he has not won fame or position. The famous man longs for the lusty health of the sturdy farmer.

The grain of salt is wanting.

How to secure and retain the savor of health in the midst of this rushing, nervous, over-worked generation is a problem worthy of our closest attention. It cannot be done with stimulants, which but spur on the over-worked nerves to fresh efforts, only to leave them more jaded and shattered. Nor with narcotics, which temporarily soothe, but to create an unnatural appetite, the terrors of which a De Quincy has so graphically portrayed.

It may be asked, what is the cause of this extreme nervousness, lack of appetite, lung trouble, deficient heart action, failing eyesight, apoplectical tendency, etc. We reply, poisoned blood, caused by diseased kidneys, and the troubles indicated are after all, but symptoms of advanced Kidney Disease, which is but another name for Bright's Disease. Unless remedied there will be a complete breaking down of the great blood-purifying organs, the kidneys, and they will be excreted, piece-meal, through the urine.

Now, in the spring of the year, owing to the extra work which has been put upon the Kidneys and Liver, through a meat diet during the winter months, these symptoms are more pronounced, and the danger to the patient correspondingly increased. It is therefore imperative that the poisoned blood be eradicated, and that the Kidneys be put in complete health, which can be speedily and effectually accomplished by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, a tried and proved specific in hundreds of thousands of cases.

Pursuing the path we have marked out you will possess the salt of content, without which life's banquet is "flat, stale and unprofitable."

To Counteract Poisons.—For carbolic acid, give flour and water or glutinous drinks.

For carbonate of soda, copperas and cobalt, give a prompt emetic—soap or mucilaginous drinks.

For strychnine and nux vomica, give an emetic of mustard or sulphate of zinc aided by warm water.

For caustic soda, caustic potash and volatile alkali, give freely of water with lemon juice or vinegar in it.

For chloroform and chloral hydrate pour cold water over the head and face with artificial respiration, galvanic battery.

For blue vitriol, corrosive sublimate, saltpetre, sugar of lead and bedbug poison, give milk or white of eggs in large quantities.

For oil vitriol, hartshorn or ammonia, muriatic and oxalic acids, give magnesia or soap, dissolved in water, every two minutes.

For Fowler's solution and arsenic, give emetic of mustard and salt—A tablespoonful of each—and follow with sweet oil, butter or milk.

For antimonial wine or tartar of emetic, give warm water to encourage vomiting if vomiting does not stop give a grain of opium in water.

For laudanum, morphine and opium, give strong coffee, followed by ground mustard or grease in warm water to produce vomiting. Keep patient in constant motion.

A New Kind of Sport.—An enthusiastic French sportsman went to a breakfast given at the commencement of the shooting season. The conversation naturally was of game, when suddenly in rushed a servant, exclaiming to the host that a hare had been seen moving about the lawn.

Out ran the enthusiastic sportsman, gun in hand, fired at the hare, and missed it. The hare scratched its nose, then stood on its hind legs, presented a horse pistol, and fired at the sportsman, who incontinently fled.

No one was hurt, but the sportsman was naturally astounded to have the tables turned in this unexpected and surprising manner.

It turned out that the hare was a performing animal, hired from a neighboring show. The sportsman's charge had, of course, been tampered with.

An incorporated society hired a man to blast a rock, says Mark Twain, and he was punching powder into a hole with a crowbar, when a premature explosion followed sending the man and crowbar out of sight. Both came down all right, and the man went to work again directly; but though he was gone only fifteen minutes, they docked him for lost time.

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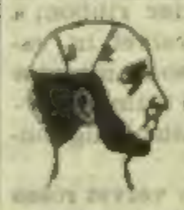

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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It gives me great pleasure to give my testimony as to the value of "Dollard's Herbanium." I have used nothing else on my head for thirty years, and feel sure I owe to its use the perfectly healthy state of my scalp and hair.

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Respectfully,
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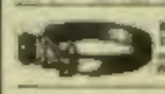

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Spring chapeaux with their pretty flower ornaments, are making their appearance, although for the very early spring feathers are considered a more appropriate trimming than the velvet flowers which are all the rage.

Modistes this season seemed to be inclined to pass over the spring flowers and to give the preference to those of the later time of the year; rather small velvet roses, both of the wild and cultivated varieties, and many shades of pink and red, besides white and yellow are very popular, and the Italian and fancy straws promise to be fashionable.

Capotes are still extremely small, short at the back, and by no means high in the front.

A model in Tuscan straw is curiously bent and pleated in front, forming a brim edged with a straw fringe above a plain bandeau of dahlia-colored velvet.

Two short, rather narrow ribbon strings are of faille ribbon to match; a spray of pink velvet rosebuds rises over the crown from the back, and a small bunch of straw-colored pink velvet roses is placed in the front.

Another very summer-like capote is of gold net, pleated in folds round the crown and striped with very narrow pale-blue satin ribbon; a bow in front and strings starting from under a bow at the foot of the crown are of similar but wider ribbon; a spray of wild roses in white velvet, in various stages of bud and blossom, mingles with the bow in front, and the brim is covered with a light narrow wreath of mignonette.

Hats are also trimmed with velvet roses combined with lace.

A stylish model is in fine black straw, with the brim raised in an open peak in front lined with black lace forming a series of narrow *trontron* insertions, through which gold ribbon is run.

The crown is trimmed all round with a fluted flounce black lace, bouillonne at the top over gold ribbon and stiffened with wire. A wreath of small yellow velvet roses is placed on the brim near the edge, and a little bunch of roses and a rosette of gold ribbon fill in the hollow under the front of the brim.

Toques are very popular for young ladies' wear, and are usually made with a narrow brim of velvet a draped crown of silk or cloth, and a large rosette bow of ribbon in front.

The most fashionable colors for spring costumes are shades of rust, cinnamon, and dull antique reds; these are adopted for jackets and other outdoor vetements as well as for dresses, and they all harmonize remarkably well with the black ornaments in braiding, passementerie, or embroidery, the vogue for which still continues.

The costumes are made of the plainest woolen materials, but the trimmings are frequently so rich as to make the dresses remarkably stylish and elegant.

Needless to say, the straight line still remains the accepted line of beauty, only a few exceptions to this rule being allowed, such as a draped front under a redingote, or a vaguely puffed drapery at the back, when the front and sides of the dress are in plain pleats.

Of the first of these styles a good model is given in a tailor-made dress. The dress is of the chequered cloth, with a broad tablier draped at the sides and forming folds across the front, and a redingote or coat bodice of the same material.

The fronts of the redingote are cut like an open jacket, with turned-back revers, the back falls in long pleated coat tails. The waistcoat, which is buttoned at the top only and rounded at the edge, the collar and cuffs, are of white cloth.

These coats are becoming formidable rivals to Directoire redingotes, more especially for rather dressy toilettes, as they give scope for a more fanciful arrangement of the skirt, and are altogether less stiff and hard in outline than the redingote.

The most fashionable coats are made in Empire-green materials lined with antique pink, but with a green skirt and sash to match the coat.

Draperies will undoubtly re-appear with light summer fabrics, but meanwhile no skirts are more fashionable than those made with three box-pleats forming the front and sides, and plain pleats at the back, supplemented by a centre drapery falling in vague coquille folds.

A good specimen of this kind of dress is of a fine diagonal woolen in a bright rust color. About six inches above the edge of the skirt is a single band of black moire silk of the same width.

The bodice is made with double fronts opening over a plain narrow plastron, all of the woolen material, and ornamented with large revers of the moire, and a pointed band covering the plastron as far as the chest; the back is arranged in the same way, without the revers, and the collar and deep pointed cuffs are also of black moire silk. A ribbon sash to match is folded round the waist covering the edge of the corsage, and tied rather low on the right side.

Every kind of rich embroidery and braid trimming is in vogue for dressy toilettes, especially those intended for receptions and dinner parties, and brocades with large patterns are much used.

A handsome dress is of Nile-green brocade on a silver-white ground, forming a trained redingote over a blouse tunic of white crepe de Chine. The blouse is crossed diagonally on the chest by a band of superb Indian galon, largely interwoven with silver.

Another band corresponding with this crosses the tunic in a diagonal line and is then continued round the edge to the left side, where it ends under the train. A rich ornament is embroidered in silver in an angle, where the two lines of the galon meet. The collar is also made of the galon.

A very pretty white cloth dress for a young lady, suitable for an afternoon reception or home dinner toilette, has the front of the skirt arranged in box-pleats, about six inches wide, with an arabesque pattern braided in gold braid at the foot of each pleat.

The plain, white cloth redingote is fastened with three gold buttons from the throat to the chest, and then opens out gradually over an exceedingly wide sash of yellow silk, swathing the figure in a series of soft folds from the waist to the chest. The sash is without ends, and simply forms a draped bodice under the redingote fronts. The collar and sleeves are ornamented with a little gold braiding.

Japanese dresses are becoming very fashionable for afternoon and evening receptions; but, although picturesque and to a certain extent convenient, they are far less elegant and becoming than the open trained tea gown.

This Maria Antoinette dress is of brocade on a blue ground, open in front, and trimmed round the neck and down the front with a close coquille ruche of white lace.

The draped front and low bodice are of pale-blue satin: the bodice is gauged at the top and finished off with lace. The puffed elbow sleeves are of brocade, trimmed with a lace ruche, and falling below this are long open sleeves of pale-blue satin.

Another exquisite dress of the same description is white silk gauze embroidered with palms, draped over a white silk skirt bordered with a lace flounce.

A redingote of Empire green velvet, with a long train, is worn over this, and ornamented on the corsage and down the open front with lace revers. The sash is of white ribbon, and the draperies are caught up with bows to correspond.

Numbered with fanciful devices for ladies' rings are those showing a crescent of tiny diamonds, inside of which appears a carved moonstone of fine quality or a cat's eye.

Signet rings of the antique mold are in favor for men's wear. The stone in these rings is, as a rule, decorated with an initial, a crest or a coat-of arms.

New English scarf-pins include what are known as the rose, shamrock and thistle-pins, each formed of brilliants. These same floral models serve as bonnet-pins for the ladies.

An exceedingly effective hair ornament is a diamond butterfly or star, that quivers with every motion of the wearer, being set on a spiral spring.

Odds and Ends.

CUSTARDS, CURDS, AND CREAMS.

As warmer weather comes when it is difficult to preserve milk from becoming sour, and spoiling the cream, it may be kept perfectly sweet by scalding the new milk very gently, without boiling.

Cream already skimmed may be kept in twenty-four hours if scalded without sugar, and by adding to it as much powdered lump sugar as shall make it pretty sweet, will be good for two days, if kept in a cool place.

Syrup of cream may be preserved as above in the proportion of 1½ lb. of sugar to a pint of perfectly fresh cream; keep it in a cool place for two or three hours, then put it into 1 oz. or 2 oz. bottles, and cork it close. It will keep good for several weeks and will be found very useful in traveling, etc.

For making custards and cooked creams, a custard kettle is almost indispensable, but one may be improvised by setting a tin within a kettle or a saucepan; the custard kettle is either made of block-tin or enamelled china, one within another, forming a bain-marie.

Curds are easily made by adding to milk a few drops of vinegar or lemon juice, besides ordinary rennet; but it is not generally known that a more tender and delicate curd can be thus prepared with a rennet of home manufacture:

Gallino Curds (Italian receipt).—Take a number of rough linings of the gizzards of turkeys and fowls, clean them from the grit they contain and hang them up to dry. When wanted for use break off some bits of skin, and put on it some boiling water. In eight or nine hours use the liquid as you do other rennet.

Curds and Whey.—Take a small piece of rennet about two inches square, wash it very clean in cold water to get all the salt off, and wipe it dry; put in a teacup, and pour on it just enough lukewarm water to cover it; let it remain all night or for several hours; then take out the rennet and stir the water it which it was soaked into a quart of milk, which should be in a broad dish. Set the milk in a warm place till it becomes a firm curd. As soon as the curd is completely made, set it in a cool place, or on ice, if in summer, for two or three hours before you want to use it. Eat with wine, sugar, cinnamon or nutmeg.

Curds and Cream.—Put two quarts of the previous day's milk into a cool oven, and let it remain until a firm curd is formed; when quite cold, strain it through muslin; tie it up tight, and put it under a heavy weight to press out the whey, let it remain for two hours. Two hours before it is required put it on a glass dish, and pour over it three-quarters of a pint of good sweet cream. This will be found a nice dish to serve with stewed fruit of any kind. The whey drained from the curd is an excellent drink for invalids.

Slip Curds.—Take half a tumbler of sherry, ¼ lb. of loaf sugar, half the rind of a lemon cut very thin, and on the other half rub some of the lumps of sugar to give more flavor, mix this till all the sugar is dissolved. From a quart of milk take a cupful, and warm it sufficiently with a piece of rennet the size of a nutmeg to make the rest of the milk lukewarm when added to it. Put the wine, etc., into a glass dish, pour the milk upon it, first taking out the rennet (which must be well washed before it is put into the milk), and, when the curd is sufficiently set and cold, send it to the table.

Butter-Milk (Curd Pudding).—Turn two quarts of new milk, drain off the whey, and mix with the curd the grated crumb of a 5 cent loaf of bread, the grated peel of a lemon, nearly a whole nutmeg grated, half a pint of rich cream, six ounces of clarified butter, the beaten yolks of six and the whites of four eggs; sweeten it well, and bake it with or without a puff paste for three-quarters of an hour. It may also be boiled.

Cottage Curds.—In summer there is no necessity for throwing away sour milk, as it can be made into delicate little curd cheeses. Take the curdled milk and heat it a pan on the stove till a quantity pressed in your hand will retain its shape; be careful not to scald. The whey should be strained off through a cloth. Put the curd, which will remain, into a dish, adding a few spoonfuls of fresh sweet cream, or a little fresh butter. Mix thoroughly, and form it into a cup. This is very good when first made, and it should be served quite moist with sweet cream and seasoned with pepper and salt.

Solid Custards.—Take a quart of new milk and half a pint of cream mixed, ¼ lb. of pounded sugar, a large glass of white wine in which an inch of wasted rennet has been soaked. Mix together the milk, cream and sugar. Stir the wine into it and pour the mixture into custard cups. Set them in a warm place near the fire till they become a firm curd; then set them on ice or in a very cold place. Grate nutmeg over them before serving.

THE CENTURY.—The confusion in the question whether the year 1900 is a part of the nineteenth or of the twentieth century, arises probably from the comparison of the a man with the years of a century. We do not call a child one year old till he has lived a year. But the year one began with the day No. 1, and we call it the year one up to and including the 365th day. So the years from 1 to 100 comprise the first century, and the second century begins with the year 101 and ends with 200; and the nineteenth century began with the year 1801, and will end with the last day of the year 1900.

PAY not before thy work be done; if thou dost, it will never be well done; and thou will have but a pennyworth for a twopence.

Confidential Correspondents.

CARMINE.—"Noah's Ark" was 525 feet in length, 87 feet 6 inches in breadth, and 52 feet 6 inches in height.

READER.—Pessimism has been defined as the "gospel of despair;" a pessimist is one who holds that everything existing is for the worst.

ALEX.—A chord in geometry is a straight line drawn from one end of an arc of a circle to the other. A bowstring describes a chord when the bow is strung.

PERCY. — The "Forty Immortals of France" are so called, because the Academy is supposed to be the forty most distinguished men of France, and the name comes from the idea that their names never die.

CHINESE.—To mend your broken china make a very thick solution of gum arabic and water and stir into it sufficient plaster of paris to make a thick paste. Apply this with a brush to the broken edges and press them together.

H. L. W.—The calumet is a pipe among the North American Indians. They use it as a symbol of peace or war, according to circumstances. To accept the calumet is to agree to terms of peace; to refuse it is to practically declare war. The word has grown into use among English-speaking people, but it is purely an Indian word.

L. B. L.—A 5 o'clock tea is an entertainment with a collation, music, etc. An at home merely means at home at the time designated, and does not imply an entertainment of any kind. A card reception means a reception in which cards are introduced—progressive euchre, whist, etc.,—and takes place usually at 8 o'clock.

CAXTON.—You are wrong in thinking that our word, "news" is derived from the fact that it was customary with newspapers to prefix the letters

N
W E to indicate that they contained information
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from all quarters of the globe. This supposition is very ingenious; but the old-fashioned way of spelling the word "newes" shows without a doubt that its parent is the French equivalent, "nouvelles."

STUDENT.—The method of silver-plating asked for by you is as follows: Place a glazed earthen vessel on a slow fire, and put in it one ounce of nitric acid; it will boil instantly, and then throw in some pieces of real silver. As soon as dissolved throw in a good handful of common salt to neutralise the acid; then make into a paste with whiting. The article that is to be silvered should be perfectly free from dirt and grease, and the paste should be applied with a little water and wash leather.

SORROWING M.—Don't do anything so silly. It is a great trial for you to have to bear; but things might have been worse, after all. A man who could act in the despicable manner you describe would be quite capable of marrying a girl and then letting her find out that he had a wife and family somewhere else. Be thankful that you have escaped such a fate. What you have found out by a mere chance has saved you from a great deal of misery. There are plenty of better men than he in the world; pluck up a spirit, and do not let him see that you are grieving for such a worthless fellow.

UNHAPPY.—You have acted most unwisely—nay, worse, in an underhand way—in taking off your wedding-ring, and making your employer suppose you to be a single woman. It is not always necessary to confide your family affairs to persons for whom you work; but when you become an inmate of their private home, and are given so confidential a position as that of governess to their children, concealment of your true condition as a married woman would be justly considered as "false pretences." As to "receiving marks of affection from a young gentleman," is is simply shameful to have permitted it, and shows already the difficulties in which your error has placed you.

TOM H.—To have a trustworthy wife you must begin by showing her, even before you are married, that you have no suspicions, no doubts, no fears whatever with regard to her. Many a man has been discarded by a worthy girl merely on account of his querulous and jealous behavior. All women despise jealous men, and if they marry such it is usually from other motives than affection. Therefore show confidence in your sweetheart, and she will be likely to deserve it. Even if you feel jealousy, it is wise to instantly suppress the "green-eyed monster." Confidence should be reciprocal, and you should not give any occasion for jealousy, but should show in all your actions a perfect faith and confidence in yourself and your beloved.

RETTA.—You have asked a question which is often put to us, and we can only answer you as we have answered others, and bid you have patience. There is no other cure for a husband's neglect; try and make him comfortable and happy at home, and if he has any good feeling at all in him, you must win in the end. There are too many men who look upon their homes as places to eat and sleep in only, and their wives as the housekeepers to see that everything is as it ought to be therein; but there are also many wives who do not take into consideration the business worries and out of door anxieties that help to produce what you call "sulks." The silence and inattention to all home affairs of which you complain may arise from causes of which you know nothing, and perhaps might not understand if you were told of them. Try and do your utmost to bring about a better state of things.

CASTELL.—A hektograph, or simple copying apparatus, is easily made as follows: Procure a quarter of a pound of white glue and two pounds of glycerine. Put the glue in a bowl, and pour on sufficient water to cover it, letting it stand over night. The next day drain off the water, and add the glycerine. Place the bowl in a dish containing boiling water, and boil until the glycerine and glue become one fluid; then transfer it to a shallow tin dish large enough to admit one page of the paper to be copied on, and let it harden. Letters to be copied should be written in the ordinary way, but with hektograph (aniline) ink, and the side written upon lightly passed on the surface of the hektograph, and allowed to remain for a second or two. When removed a copy will remain, from which 50 to 100 clear copies may be taken by pressing a sheet of paper on the copy. When finished with, wash off the copy with a sponge or rag.